LICENSED.

July 24.
1677.

Roger L'Eſtrange.

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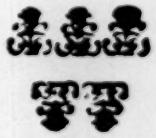
THE DISORDERS OF LOVE.

Truly expreſſed

In the unfortunate Amours of *GIVRY* with *MADEMOISELLE de Guiſe.*

Made *Engliſh* from the *French.*



LONDON,

Printed for *James Magnes* and *Richard Bentley*, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* in *Covent-Garden* near the *Piazza*'s, 1677.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE Courteous Reader.

THE Gentleman that tranſlated this Novel, for his Diverſion, would not be perſwaded to write a Dedication, nor a Preface to it; and I being unwilling ſo excellent a Piece ſhould go into the world without a Commendation, have taken upon me to tell you, that this Book was reckoned in

in France *as the beſt piece of that great Wit* M. D. V. D. *and has had the ſame reception abroad, as in* Holland, *and in other Parts, where it hath been ſeveral times Printed. I am very confident it hath loſt nothing by the tranſlating, which makes me hope it ſhall have as good Fortune here. I could ſay much in the commendation of the Intrigue and Wit of it, but I leave you to find that diverſion in reading it; which is all that is aimed at by*

Yours

R. Bentley.

Some Books Printed for James Magnes *and* Richard Bentley.

PLato's *Apologie of* Socrates, *or* Phedo, *two Dialogues concerning the immortality of Man's Soul.*

A Natural Hiſtory of the Paſſions.

Country Wit.

Sophonisba.

Nero.

Auguſtus Cæſar.

Abdellazar.

Sir *Timothy Taudery.*

Madam Fickle.

All Miſtaken.

Engliſh Monſieur.

Tartuff.

Andromache.

Caliſta.

Forced Marriage.

The Fool turned Critick.

Fond Husband.

Plain-Dealer.

Moral Eſſays, the ſecond Part.

Ze-

Zelinda.

Count Brion.

The Happy Slave. 1. and 2. *Parts.*

The Happy Slave. Part. 3. *in the Press, which makes the Story compleat.*

The Education of a Prince, in the Press.

The Triumphs of Love over Fortune, in the Press.

French Novels.

L'Heureux Esclave complet, en trois Voll.

Princesse Monferrat.

Grand Visiers.

Galand Escroc, ou Comte Brion.

Memoires de Suede, 3. *Voll.*

The Differences betwixt Don John *and Cardinal* Nitard, *in French* 2. *Voll.*

Mercure Galand, 2. *Voll.*

Le Triomphe de l'Amour sur la Destinée.

Le Vice-Roy de Catalogne, in the Press.

THE

THE

Diſorders of LOVE.

THE famous *Givry* was deſcended of the Houſe of *Anglure*: And till the Factions that threatned the ruine of *France*, divided that Kingdom againſt it ſelf, the Duke of *Guiſe* (who headed the League againſt *Henry* the Third) and the Marqueſs *d'Anglure*, *Givry*'s Father, were intimate Friends: Their Buſineſs, their Deſigns, their Pleaſures were the ſame. Their Children were educated under the ſame Maſters; and though of unequal birth, and deſigned for Dig-

nities of different degrees, it was the Dukes pleaſure the Princes his Children ſhould uſe *Givry* as their Brother: *Givry*'s Converſation was ſo charming that it gain'd him a general affection, and particularly inclined the young Princes to a ready obedience to their Father's Command. And *Givry* was ſo diſcreet, that the more familiar the Princes were with him, the greater reſpect he paid them, and ſeem'd to have laid the foundation of an inſeparable Union between the Families of *Guiſe* and *Anglure*. But private Friendſhips are ſeldom proof againſt that violence that breaks aſunder the moſt ſacred bonds. The League ſeparated the Duke of *Guiſe* from the Royal Intereſt, which the Marqueſs *d' Anglure* reſolved to adhere to. This ſenſe of duty to

the

the King, the Duke look'd upon as an effect of lightneſs and ingratitude. And the fatal Cloſe of the Aſſembly of the Eſtates at *Blois* having kindled a War in all the Provinces of *France*, *Givry* became the open and declar'd Enemy of thoſe perſons, for whom he had once had the higheſt love and eſteem.

Givry was ſo deeply affected with the agreeable Converſation of the young Princes of *Guiſe*, and ſo much admir'd the Charms of the Princeſs their Siſter, that this ſudden change gave him infinite trouble. But beſides the favours and hopes the King made uſe of to ſecure his allegiance, the beauty of Madam *Maugiron* was no ſmall attractive to win him to the Court, and fix his reſolutions to be of the Royal Party.

This Lady was a young Widow, though her Husbands Children by a former Marriage would not allow her that quality; and thoſe of their Family deny her a place among their lawful Alliances. Count *Maugiron* the Kings Lieutenant of the Province of *Dauphine* having married her for love; and it was pretended they had taken one anothers words without further Ceremony to conſummate the Marriage. But whether the Lady had placed too great a confidence in the promiſes of the Count, or was deceived by the impoſture of a perſonated Prieſt inſtead of a real one, ſhe had the good fortune by the credit of her Kinſwoman, Madam *de la Noue*, to obtain protection from the King at *Tours*, where ſhe was eſteemed a principal Ornament of the Court.

Giury

Givry was much taken with this Lady, nor was ſhe inſenſible of his Charms. He was but one and twenty years old, an age too tender to adventure into the intrigues and myſteries of Love, had not Nature by extraordinary favours exempted *Givry* from the common Rule of things, and given him a priviledge above the ordinary rate of men. He had before the age of eighteen perform'd the courſe of his Studies, and finiſhed his Exerciſes; was Maſter of the Mathematiques, and all other Learning requiſite to the accompliſhment of a Gentleman: He ſpoke Greek, Latine, and all the modern Languages of *Europe*, as well as his Mother Tongue; and in the proceſs of my Story I ſhall have occaſion to obſerve, he was made Captain of the Light-horſe of *France*

at two and twenty years of age.

You may believe a Lover ſo conſiderable, eaſily made a more than ordinary progreſs in his Amour with a Lady, who had for him a violent inclination. She took no longer delight in the ſight of any other: ſhe did open incivilities and affronts to his Rivals: they ſpent whole days together in pleaſant diſcourſes and endearing Converſation. And when interrupted by the neceſſity of his attending the diſcharge of his duty, the lovely Widow writ him Letters ſo kind, that they ſupplyed in a manner the pleaſure of her company.

Theſe Letters he always carried with him, or put them up in a little Box, wherein he kept what he moſt valued. He read them over and over as oft as he had leiſure, and took more care for the

the ſafety of that Box, than for his own life. But at a skirmiſh wherein the Enemy had the better of thoſe of the Kings Party commanded by *Givry*, among the reſt of his Equipage the Box was taken. To know the deep ſenſe he had of this loſs, you muſt be as deeply in love as he was; and, the truth is, he had more than one reaſon to be troubled at it.

The Children of Count *Maugiron*, by the former Wife, were in Arms for the League againſt the King, and *Givry* was afraid the Letters might come to their hands, who thinking themſelves concerned to aſperſe the reputation of their Mother-in-Law, would be eaſily induced to publiſh the Letters. He was extremely troubled he had expoſed his Miſtreſs to that danger; and had he believed it would have taken

effect, he had certainly made ſome raſh attempt for the recovery of the Box. But being as witty as he was amorous, he came to a reſolution to think no more of that accident, when News was brought him that a Trumpet from the Duke of *Mayenne* deſired to ſpeak with him, and brought with him a Box very like his.

The Box indeed was in truth the very ſame he had loſt; and when the Trumpeter delivered it him, he told him, That the Holy League intended not to manage any intrigue of Gallantry: that they had without ſcruple made uſe of ſuch pieces of his Equipage as might be ſerviceable for Religion and the Publick Good. But conceiving Love-Letters uſeleſs for advancement of thoſe ends, they had faithfully ſent him back all thoſe that belong'd to him.

Givry

Givry ſmil'd at the irony of the Complement, and having told the Trumpet that the hearts of Heroes were large enough, to entertain at once the thoughts of love and of War, he diſmiſt him with a preſent, and lock'd himſelf up to peruſe his Letters again; but was extremely ſurpriz'd to find on a fold of the firſt Letter he look'd upon, Verſes written in an unknown Character, a Copy whereof follows.

Although the tenderneſs of love
Inſenſibly the ſenſe improve,
And lovers need a quick and tender ſenſe,
To raiſe their love above indifference.
Yet oft poor Lovers raviſhing ſweets do prove
Effects of humour, not of love.

Givry very deſirous to know what to apply this Maxim to, opened the Letter, which was to this effect.

Madam de Maugiron's Letter *to* Givry.

NO, Givry, *I ſhall never be pleaſed with you, while I find you fully perſwaded I am ſo. You are diligent, faithful, and paſſionate: But an entire confidence agrees not with the fineneſs and delicacy of my affection; and perfect love expects ſo much duty, that he is a ſtranger to it who thinks he has fully performed it. It muſt be your part to render your ſelf a little more capable of fear, it ſhall be my care to revive your courage, and ſettle your confidence. It is not my deſire you ſhould be ignorant of your happineſs, but that*

I ſhould by degrees convince you of it, as I pleaſe; and not find you convinced of it already.

When *Givry* opened this Letter, he did did it rather of curioſity to ſee whether the Verſes had been written there by chance, than out of any ſuſpicion they contained a cenſure of the Letter. He lov'd Madam *Maugiron* too well to impute her affection to meer humour or fancy, or to think her humour predominant over her love; but comparing the ſenſe of the Verſes with that of the Letter, he thought it not ſo altogether exempt from being ſubject to blame, as he had formerly believ'd it. He asked himſelf whether it ſavoured not more of humour than love, to declare ones ſelf unſatisfied with a perſon, who in the ſame period is acknow-

acknowledged conſtant, diligent, faithful and paſſionately in love? He did not yet give ſentence in favour of the Verſes, but the defence he made for his Miſtreſs againſt them was very weak. And tumbling over the reſt of the Papers in the Box, he found on another Letter theſe Verſes.

Think not by long Diſcourſes to expreſs
Your paſſions height, or tenderneſs:
That love, that grief the greater is,
Which in the heart cloſe Priſ'ner lies.

Givry reproach'd himſelf as guilty of unfaithfulneſs to his Miſtreſs, for paſſing ſo favourable a judgment of theſe Maxims as he did: but notwithſtanding this

reproach

reproaah, he ſearched for more of them, and was glad when he found them. Upon a Letter, where Madam *Maugiron* applauded her ſelf for the choice of her love, he found written

Such is love's mighty influence,
It ſpoils the judgment, and corrupts the ſenſe;
That often we enamour'd are,
Indifferently of foul and fair.
Happy the man who by that power mov'd,
Loves only what is worthy to be lov'd:
And is reputed wiſe for loving that
Which the ſtrong impulſe of his fate,
Not his diſcretion, did incline him to:
'Tis not by Choice, but Chance we woe.

To another Letter, containing many fantaſtical reproaches, there was added,

When the kind fates for Lovers choose
The hour, each other to enjoy,
Who would the pretious minutes loose,
In fruitleſs railing them t'imploy?

The Verſes on the former Letters had only perſwaded *Gizzy*, that Madam *Maugiron*'s Letters were liable to cenſure; but theſe laſt carried his reflections a little further: he fancied he had diſcovered a Lady in love, who made her advantages of all the innocent pleaſures of it, and reduced all the myſteries and intrigues of it under the ſeverity of rules, and exactneſs of Laws.

And

And repreſenting to himſelf the good fortune of a man who could affect a heart of that Character, he could hardly forbear envying his happineſs, and permitting himſelf that moment to be perſwaded that Madam *Maugiron* was not the ſole perſon in the world capable to make him happy.

Givry was then at *Amboiſe*, where part of the Troops under his Command were quartered. The Marqueſs *de Bellegard*, Maſter of the Horſe to the King, in his return from the Army at *Soulogne*, paſt through that Town partly to ſee *Givry*: They were intimate friends, and had no reſerve for each other. *Givry* acquainted him with the adventure of the Box; which they ſent for, that they might view it together; the Marqueſs *de Bellegard* had

had ſcarce caſt his Eye on the Character of the Verſes, but he thought he knew it, and told his Friend he was very much miſtaken if it was not the hand of *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*. Of *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, ſays *Givry!* Yes, replies the Maſter of the Horſe, I knew at *Piemont* where I was bred with my Uncle, a Daughter of the Baron *de Vins*, whom he married, and to whom *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* writ very often: I have ſeen ſome of thoſe Letters, and dare ſwear the Verſes you have ſhewed me were written by the ſame hand. *Givry* was a great admirer of *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, when a Child, and eaſily imagin'd what a height of perfection her Charms were by this time arriv'd to. And what ſweeter temptation for a man of one and twenty years of age,

than

than to ſee a great and beautiful Princeſs begin to him in Gallantry, and encourage him to come on, by advancing firſt towards him. He asked the Marqueſs what he thought of the meaning of thoſe Verſes, whether without vanity he might not look on them as a favour, and expect a good iſſue? *what good can you expect from them*, anſwer'd the Marqueſs? *a perſon engaged as you are, ſhould rather fear than wiſh for good fortune in this kind; there is nothing more troubleſome; nor can the pleaſure be great which is deriv'd from a happineſs that reaches not the heart.* 'Do you 'think then, *reply'd* Givry, that 'favourable prevention from '*Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* cannot 'reach my heart? 'I believe you 'in love with Madam *Maugiron*, '*anſwered the Marqueſs*, and 'were

'were I ſo, another Lady's favour
'would be but a trouble to me.
'I own my ſelf in love with Ma-
'dam *Maugiron*, *ſays* Givry, and
'unwilling to ſacrifice my paſſion
'to a few Verſes, the deſign
'whereof I know not: but if
'*Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* intended
'them as a favour, it is not Ma-
'dam *Maugiron* ſhall hinder me
'from being ſenſible of it. I am
'young and ambitious, and *Ma-*
'*demoiſelle de Guiſe* is one of the
'moſt beautiful Princeſſes of the
'world. You would much queſti-
'on my wit, if having it in my
'power to be engaged in an intri-
'gue of love with her, I ſhould let
'ſlip the opportunity. I do not ſay
'the occaſion is offer'd me, for
'you may be miſtaken in the
'Character of the Verſes; and
'though ſhe had writ them, it
'cannot be doubted but ſhe did
'it

'it in merriment. But ſuppoſing 'ſhe intended to make me diſguſt 'my Miſtreſs, and ſhew me that 'another might render me more 'happy, I ſhould be loth to give 'her the diſpleaſure of finding her 'ſelf miſtaken. Nor am I of o-'pinion, that becauſe at 21 years 'old I have had kind thoughts 'for Madam *Maugiron*, I muſt 'therefore look upon all other La-'dies with the Eyes of an Her-'mite. 'Ah! poor Madam *Mau-'giron*, *ſays the Marqueſs ſmi-'ling*, what a condition are you 'in? if you love *Givry* in earneſt, 'you are to be pityed.

Though *Givry* thought her not yet in any ſuch danger, yet he fancy'd the Verſes he had read expreſt as much tenderneſs as gallantry, and could readily remember, that *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* was one of the fineſt Children

dren in the world. He pleaſantly flatter'd himſelf with a conceit, that ſhe had vouchſafed to correct the Love-Letters that belonged to him, and had ſent him the amendments under her hand. But all this was dubious; and if it had not been ſo, yet he received from Madam *Maugiron* thoſe marks of tenderneſs, and expreſſions of kindneſs, he durſt not once hope for from *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*: He had not yet reſolved to quit a real happineſs for a chimerical hope; and therefore returned to Court with Monſieur *de Bellegard*, to ſeek, *ſaid* Givry, in Madam *Maugiron*'s Eyes a preſervative from the Evils that threaten her.

They found the King full of joy at News he had lately received: The King of *Navarre* as he was putting his Army into quarters,

quarters, met a flying Camp of the Leaguers Army, he fought them and gave them a total rout: many conſiderable Priſoners were taken, and among the reſt the Baron of *Vins*, whoſe Daughter the Marqueſs *de Bellegard* mentioned in his diſcourſe of the Verſes in the Box. This Baron was one of the faithfulleſt Creatures of the Houſe of *Guiſe*, and one of the ableſt Councellors of the League. The King of *Navarre* ſent him to the King, that he might by good uſage endeavour to win him to his Party; and he came to Court the very moment that *Bellegard* and *Givry* arrived there. *Givry* was ſtrangely moved at the ſight and name of the Priſoner, and was more impatiently deſirous to ſpeak with him, than to ſee Madam *Maugiron*; and aſſoon as he found

found the opportunity to ſpeak freely to him, 'Will you not ſu-
'ſpect me, *Monſieur le Baron*, *ſays*
'Givry, or may I hope that the
'memory of my infancy will di-
'ſtinguiſh me in your affection
'from the reſt of the Royalliſts?
'You have diſtinguiſht your ſelf
'hitherto, by actions ſo miſchie-
'vous to our Party, *anſwered*
'Vins, that I ſhould do you
'wrong to mix you with the
'multitude: This is not the way
'to expreſs a remembrance of
'that infancy you put me in
'mind of; and I aſſure my ſelf
'when the late Duke of *Guiſe* ſo
'highly commended your cou-
'rage and addreſs, he never
'thought you would one day em-
'ploy them againſt the Princes
'his Children. 'I am ingag'd
'to it in duty (*replies* Givry)
'which the Duke of *Guiſe* would
never

'never have adviſed me to be
'wanting to. I was born a ſub-
'ject of the King I ſerve, and be-
'fore I was of years of diſcretion,
'care was taken to inſpire me
'with a blind ſubmiſſion to the
'Law of Allegiance I owe him.
'But, Sir, let others leſs ingag-
'ed than you and I judge of theſe
'things, and tell me, I beſeeeh
'you, ſome News of the young
'Princes and Princeſs their Siſter:
'Do they perform at age, what
'their infancy promiſed? and is
'*Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* ſo beautiful
'at eighteen, as ſhe gave us hope
'for when ſhe was ten or twelve
'years of Age. The Princes, an-
ſwered *Vins*, are worthy Heirs
of the bravery and magnificence
of their Family: He whom in
your time they called the Duke
de Joyeuſe, who did ſince make
his eſcape from the Caſtle of

Loches

Loches, where he was Priſoner, is wiſe, ſtay'd, and every way fit to bear the title of the eldeſt Son of his Father. The Prince of *Joinville* will be one of the handſomeſt Men on Earth: And the young *Chevalier de Guiſe* hath that height of Wit and Courage that add Luſtre to the leaſt of his actions. But the Princeſs their Siſter is infinitely beyond any thing can be ſaid of her, ſhe hath a thouſand Charms proper to her ſelf, not to be found elſewhere, and parts ſo far excelling thoſe of her Sex, that it may be affirmed, the moſt accompliſh't beauty under Heaven is the leaſt of her good qualities. You have ſeen, addes he ſmiling, an Eſſay of her parts, in ſome Verſes that were brought you by the Duke of *Mayenne*'s Trumpeter, which I am perſwaded raiſed in you no leſs curioſity than

than admiration: What, cryes *Givry*, was it *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* made thoſe Verſes? is it poſſible ſhe ſhould take care to play the Critick on my Letters and ſend me them? It was ſhe did it, I aſſure you, and charged me to deliver the Box to you, ſaid the Baron, it fell into the hands of young *Maugiron*, who with great diligence makes his Court to our Princes. He ſhewed them the Letters written to you, not knowing how far he was concern'd in them: And when his Governour knew the Character, and would have paraphras'd upon the intrigue, *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* (whom the Princes her Brothers had acquainted with the buſineſs) forbad him, and ſaid, ſhe reſerved too much kindneſs for the memory of your Infancy, to permit a

Lady you lov'd to be evil ſpoken of. It was generouſly done, reply'd *Givry*, and like a Princeſs of the Houſe of *Guiſe*. But, Sir, have not the Verſes ſomething in them extraordinary? cannot you tell me what induced her to write them? and whether they were made in private, or in company? I cannot well inform you of that particular, ſaid *Vins*, I was not preſent when the Verſes were made; and when *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* ſhewed them me, ſhe told me only, ſhe would let the Court Ladies ſee, that thoſe of the league exceeded them both in delicacy of affection, and in fineneſs of wit. But dear *Givry*, added the Baron, fixing his Eye on him, you have been bred among us, and may go your ſelf to ask the Princeſs what ſhe thought when ſhe wrote them. Do not you bluſh

to

to think you ſhould learn it by a third hand? Or can you imagine the Princes of the holy Union are not able to offer you as good Employments as thoſe you aſpire to with the King of *Navarr*? For 'tis he is the ſoul of your Party, and the Kings name is but the colour you make uſe of to authorize your protecting of Hereſie. I have told you already, reply'd *Givry*, riſing up, we are too far engaged in contrary Parties to expect belief from one another, of what we can ſay to the advantage of the ſeveral Intereſts we have eſpouſed: A Peace, or an abſolute Victory, will unite us better than our diſcourſes: if in the mean time you are permitted to write to the Princes and *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, I conjure you to aſſure them, that all the good offices a Man can do in their fa-

vour, without rendring himſelf unworthy of their eſteem, they may alwayes expect and promiſe themſelves from *Givry*.

With that he went out, and paſſing to the Kings Lodgings met there the Marqueſs *de Bellegard*, and went with him to take a turn in the *Malle* at *Tours*, where he told his Friend the diſcourſe newly had with the Baron *de Vins*. 'I could have ſuffi-'ciently aſſured you, ſaid the Mar-'queſs, that theſe Verſes were '*Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*'s; and I be-'lieve I am not much more mi-'ſtaken in the Judgment I paſt 'on the Adventure. You will 'withdraw your love from Ma-'dam *Maugiron*, and feed your 'ſelf with fancies about *Made-'moiſelle de Guiſe*; and I know 'by the air of your Countenance 'in ſpeaking to me, that part of 'my

'my Prophecy is already fulfilled.
'But, my dear Friend, yield not
'at the first onset, rally your
'Forces if you find them disor-
'dered; remember that *Made-*
'*moiselle de Guise* is among a par-
'ty not ready to be vanquish'd:
''tis possible you may not see her
'while you live. But could you
'flatter your self with the hopes
'of a peace, or such an absolute
'victory that might gain you the
'convenience of seeing her, she
'is the Daughter of an imperi-
'ous House, and will have a So-
'veraign stranger, or a Prince of
'the Blood to her Husband. Ne-
'ver think she will forego these
'hopes in complaisance to you;
'and consider what a miserable
'case it is for a Person accustom-
'ed to the kindest endearments
'of his Mistress, to tire himself
'out with making love to one

'who only feeds him with fan-
'cies.

Givry had reflected on all theſe particulars before he heard them from his Friend; but by a fate he could not avoid, he mus'd inceſſantly of *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, and ſcarce thought any more of Madam *de Maugiron*: He reſolved, without the leaſt ſcruple, to conceal from her the recovery of the Box; and no longer thought her Converſation charming as formerly. When ſhe ſpoke kindly to him, he remembred the Maxim in Verſe, where *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* found fault with expreſſions that are ſtrong, and became clearly of opinion he ſhould have had more love for his Miſtreſs, had ſhe not too much aſſured him of his happineſs: he was diſpleas'd to find it ſo publickly known, and fancied that a more

a more private intrigue would have been more pleasant. And when to all this he added the conceit of being allowed, by a great and beautiful Princess, to pretend a right grounded on what had already past from her, to entertain her with the discourses of Love, and perhaps make her forget that Tyranny her high Blood seem'd to oblige her to, against inferiour Lovers, he gave himself up to be intirely possest with fancies and illusions he could never get rid of.

It was long e're Madam *Maugiron* apprehended the mischief that threatned her. *Givry* made constant visits to no other Lady, and if at any time she found him melancholy and discompos'd, she imputed it to his ambition of Glory and Renown. But the season being come for opening the

Campagne; and *Givry* at parting entertaining his Mistress with no other discourse than of clearing the *Loyre*, and reducing to the obedience of the King all the Towns the League possest upon that River. 'Have you no other 'discourse to entertain me with, '*Givry*, says she? or can you 'think me no otherwise con-'cern'd at your departure, than 'to be told only what Conquests 'you design for the King? He blush'd at this reproach, but not being able to confess he deserved it, he excus'd himself by telling her, his discourse proceeded from his earnest desire to render himself more worthy of her. ''Tis not enough for so charm-'ing a beauty as yours, says he, 'that your Servant be deeply in 'Love, but his Love must be 'such you need not be asha-

'med

'med of, and that his reputation 'of being a great Captain may 'countenance and ſupport his 'pretenſions of Love. ● 'Ah, 'Givry, cryes Madam Maugiron, 'it is a noble ambition, but un-'ſeaſonable here: it may afford a 'Lover ſome comfort againſt 'troubles abſence produces, but 'is not a fit ſubject of diſcourſe 'at parting, if there be true Love 'in the caſe: the Love you have 'had for me I ſee is at an end; and 'whether any diſpleaſure you 'have taken againſt me, or your 'immoderate deſire of glory hath 'poſſeſt your heart, I find my 'ſelf now wholly excluded it.

Givry was not yet fully aſſured, whether Madam *Maugiron* were in the right: Love at the beginning appears in diſguiſe, and though his thoughts for *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* might well be

called Love, his mind could not yet yield them that Character. He did all in his power to perswade Madam *Maugiron* her suspicions were ill-grounded, and having great power over her, left her somewhat better satisfi'd.

Having left Madam *Maugiron*, he went to the Baron *de Vins*, whom by the advice of *Bellegard* he visited seldomer than he could have wish'd. The Baron passionately devoted to the service of the House of *Guise*, incessantly prest *Givry* to join again with that Family. The Marquis *de Bellegard*, from whom he conceal'd nothing, observing the great progress *Mademoiselle de Guise* made in *Givry*'s affections, was not a little afraid lest *Vins* should debauch *Givry* from his allegiance; but not thinking it fit to make the discovery of so offen-

offenſive a doubt, he told him that his frequent enterviews with the Priſoner gave thoſe who envy'd him great advantage againſt him, that he would do well to forbear them. *Givry* had for ſome time follow'd the advice; but being ready to take the Field, and not knowing but an exchange of Priſoners, or ſome fatal blow might deprive him for ever of an opportunity to ſee the Baron a-again, he reſolved to take leave of him.

'I am going, ſays *Givry* ſmi-'ling to the Baron, to add new 'Crimes to thoſe you have re-'proached me with; and if I dye 'not in the firſt rencounter, there 'ſhall few Actions paſs this Cam-'pagne but I will have a ſmall 'ſhare in them; but I hope this 'part of my duty may be conſi-'ſtent with the reſt of it; and

'that

'that if upon the general occaſi-
'on I am forced to bear the
'Character of an Enemy to the
'League, I may in particular oc-
'currences aſſume that of a faith-
'ful Servant of the Houſe of *Guiſe*.
'I know not whether fate will
'permit you to aſſure them thus
'much, but if it be in your power
'I conjure you to do it; and par-
'ticularly to tell *Mademoiſelle de*
'*Guiſe*, that the duty which re-
'tains me on the Kings ſide is no
'ſmall Chain upon my affection,
'that all I do is more liable to
'complaint than blame; and that
'if ſhe could read what is written
'in my heart, ſhe ſhould diſco-
'ver there more reſpect, and more
'zeal for her, than the Troops of
'the League ſhall find contrary
'appearances in my Actions.
Though the Baron had uſed all his endeavours to ſeduce *Givry*,

and

and in the first transports of his affection for the League, was displeas'd with him for being so firm to the royal interest, he could not forbear esteeming him the more for it. He embraced him with a great deal of kindness, and promised to do him all the good Offices he could. *Givry* having thank'd him, took his leave and went to take possession of the Charge the King had given him, of Camp-master General of the Light-horse of *France*.

The Kings Army made great progress this Campagne; the King of *Navarre*, in whom the King began to place the confidence he ought, had inspir'd him with a desire to fight in the head of his Troops, and the two Kings having join'd Forces at *Soulogne*, the place of general Rendezvous, led them along the *Loire*,

Loire, where they found not one Town in Rebellion but it ſubmitted to them. The King took *Gergeau*, *Gien*, *La Chaute*, and made himſelf Maſter of all the Bridges above and below *Orleans*; *Pitiers*, *Eſtampes*, and *Dourdan* had the like fate: And the Kings having paſt the *Seyne* at *Poiſſybridge*, were met there by the Duke *de Montpenſier*, who led their Forces from *Normandy*, and by the Sieur *de Harlay-ſancy*, who had made brave Levies in *Switzerland*. The Kings Army being thus put into the condition he wiſh'd it, for beſieging of *Paris*, he laid Siege to it in *July*, 1589.

Givry in former Sieges had given ſignal proof of his Courage and good Conduct. Not a Sally had been made but he bravely repulſed: he had cut of all ſuc-

cours,

cours, and got the advantage in all Skirmiſhes that hapned; the ſafety of the Army depended on his care. The King of *Navarr* charmed by ſo many brave Actions, and ſeeing *Givry*'s Perſon as amiable as his name was illuſtrious, honoured him with a particular kindneſs; and till a more conſiderable Government ſhould fall procured him that of *Brie*.

Givry was ſcarce in poſſeſſion of it, when he ſurpriz'd ſix thouſand Buſhels of Corn which they endeavoured to convey into *Paris*, by the help of a counterfeit Paſs. *Givry* caus'd it to be ſeiz'd at *Pont de Samois*, and was giving orders for carrying it to *Corbeil* where the Kings Magazin was; but having caſt his Eyes on the Man who had the Convoy in charge, he thought he knew him, an Officer of the late Duke *de Guiſe*. He

He was not miſtaken. The Man being a principal Officer of the Dukes Houſhold, and knowing *Givry*. 'Is it poſſible, ſays 'he, that you ſhould hinder the 'carrying this Corn into *Paris*, 'and that a Perſon ſo dear to the 'late Duke my Maſter ſhould re-'duce the Princeſs his Wife, and 'the Princeſs his Daughter to 'the danger of being in want? 'How in want, ſays *Givry* in 'great heat, are thoſe Ladies 'expoſed to ſhare the miſeries of 'the people? Yes doubtleſs, 'ſays the Maſter of the Convoy; 'and the Duke *de Mayenne* to 'let the beſieged ſee they ſuffer 'no more than he does, hath 'made ſo ſmall a reſerve of Corn 'for himſelf, that all his Houſe, 'and particularly that of Madam '*de Guiſe*, was upon the point 'of being in want when I left 'them.

'them. 'They ſhall not want it, 'reply's *Givry*; and you may 'aſſure Madam and *Mademoiſelle* '*de Guiſe*, that they ſhall never 'receive from me any Perſonal 'diſpleaſure. With that, conſulting only his growing paſſion, he made him a good Paſs, and gave him a Guard to bring him without danger to the firſt Retrenchments.

This Action was too publick not to be diſcovered: The King was informed of it. And thoſe who envy'd the merit of *Givry* repreſented it as much to his diſadvantage as poſſible: it was really of great importance. Upon the reducing or reſiſtance of *Paris* depended abſolutely the Peace, or the War: That Town was the ſeat and ſupport of the Rebellion. To take *Paris* from the League, was to blow up the very

very Foundations of the League; and to ſend in thither the leaſt refreſhment could not but appear a Crime highly puniſhable. And ſome Priſoners taken at a Sally informed, that if that Convoy had been ſtaid one day longer, the Citizens were reſolved to open their Gates; that it was not in the Duke of *Mayenne*'s power to keep them longer from doing it; and that nothing but the ſight of that Corn, and promiſes of more to be brought in the ſame way, could have appeaſed the people. This Circumſtance ſo highly aggravated *Givry*'s fault, that the King was in extreme wrath againſt him, which the credit of all his Friends could not appeaſe; ſo that the King of *Navarr* was forced to ſend for him to come in Perſon to juſtifie himſelf. His excuſe had been excellent, had he

he been to clear himſelf before the King of *Navarre*, from whom all faults of Love had their pardon of courſe. But beſides that the King was not of that temper, *Givry* could not reſolve to lay open his folly, and made ſo pitiful a defence, that his beſt Friends and Protectors were ready to condemn him. The King of *Navarre* ſent him word of it, and having told him from the King, That he muſt juſtifie himſelf better, or ſtand convicted of Intelligence with the Enemy; he let him know there was no mean to be found betwixt theſe extremes; ſo that *Givry* was forced to make the King of *Navarre* a clear confeſſion of the ſecret motive of his Fault.

This Prince who feared to find *Givry* more criminal, was mightily pleaſed with the Relation, and run-

running to inform the King of the truth, perſwaded him the fault was pardonable in a young Man, and that in caſe he would be more circumſpect for the future, this firſt fault deſerved only a reprimand. The King gave him a very ſevere one, and it was the laſt from the Mouth of that poor Prince, who was traiterouſly aſſaſſinated on the morrow. On this lamentable occaſion *Givry* expreſt his real ackowledgements of thoſe markes of eſteem he had received from the King of *Navarre*: He was the firſt that ſaluted him *King of France*, and perſwaded the Marqueſs *de Bellegard*, and ſeveral others, to do the like; and expreſt ſo much conſtancy and reſolution againſt thoſe who would not joyn with him, that it may be truly affirm'd, the new King received from him the eſtabliſhment

bliſhment and tranquillity of the beginning of his Reign. Not but that the Crown did of right belong to him, but that the Law had declared him incapable, upon the account of his Religion. There was then ſo great a Force in arms againſt him, that had certainly taken the Crown from him, if thoſe foreign oppoſitions had been ſeconded by any domeſtick diſorders. *Givry* alone appeaſed the Seditious and encouraged the Fearful. The new King being ſenſible of it, thank'd him in expreſſions ſo tender and kind, that the Court look'd upon *Givry* as a declared Favourite.

The firſt troubles occaſion'd by the change, being ſomewhat appeaſed, the King took his Quarters at *Meudon*, where he received the Deputies of his *Parliament* and Univerſity of *Paris*, who

who conjured him to render his Religion conſiſtent with his Rights. A Conference was agreed to be held for that purpoſe; and that things might be debated with the greater freedom, he granted a Ceſſation of Arms for fifteen dayes.

Givry received the news from the King's mouth, as he came out of the Council; the King added, ſmiling, That, during the Truce, he might go and receive thanks for the ſuccours he had ſent *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*: This was licence enough for a young Man of his Curioſity; a curioſity that well might be called a paſſionate Love.

He went from *Meuden* the ſame inſtant with his Friend *Bellegard*, who would not let him go alone, and mingling themſelves with the Guard appointed the Deputies;

ties; they were received together with them into the Town. They went immediately to the *Hoſtel de Guiſe*, to diſcover where the young Princeſs uſually walked, that they might ſee her without being taken notice of. They were told ſhe was at the *Tuilleries*, with the reſt of the Princeſſes of of the Family, to know the ſucceſs of the Deputies journey, who were to have Audience there.

The two Adventurers got thither, and were ſo fortunate to learn from the firſt Livery-men they asked, That *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, being apparently too young to enter into deliberations of State, was walking alone in the Garden: Thither they went, and had not walked thirthy paces, but they perceived her coming towards them; they drew off at ſome diſtance, that they might look

look upon her with more liberty. *Givry* thought her then a thouſand times more charming than the Baron *de Vins* had deſcribed her. The Marqueſs *de Bellegarde* had never ſeen her before. He had met his Uncle at the Expedition of the Marquiſate of *Saluces*, follow'd him to his death, and came not to Court till after the death of the late Duke of *Guiſe*, who had removed all his Family thence. He was ſurpris'd at the Beauty and Majeſty of this Princeſs, and confeſſed that Madam *de Maugiron* was not to be compared to her.

Givry was but too much confirmed in the ſame opinion; the ſight of the Princeſs had now perfected, what the Verſes and the Deſcriptions of *Vins* had but begun. *Givry* was ſeiz'd with a ſtrange heat of affection: he look'd on the

Princeſs with ſo much attention that he could not hear Monſieur *Bellegarde*. And both advancing to ſee her at a nearer diſtance, they were obſerved, and gave her the curioſity to enquire who they were that appeared ſo handſom and of ſo haughty a meen. She ſent a Gentleman to ask them if they came to engage in a Party? and whether they wanted one to preſent them to the General, the Duke of *Mayenne* her Uncle?

'We are not now to engage in 'a Party for the War, *Mademoi-'ſelle*, (ſaves *Givry* approaching 'her) but ſhould eſteem our ſelves 'happy, if protection were offer-'ed us to engage here in a Party 'of Love: Whatever we ſee at '*Paris* invites us to ſuch an En-'gagement: The Ladies here are 'admirable, and the Conjuncture 'of the Siege furniſhes frequent

'occaſions to do them ſervice: 'But there are ſo many Competi-'tors ambitious of this Honour, 'that as for me I fear I have ſpo-'ken too late, and am not likely 'to find any place void.

Mademoiſelle de Guiſe knew *Givry* as ſoon as he ſpoke, but reſolved for her diverſion, to uſe him as an Adventurer unknown. 'Thoſe of your Age (*ſays ſhe*) are 'ſeldom expoſed to want of Em-'ployment: they engage and diſ-'engage with ſo much eaſe, that 'Love never fails to find them 'buſineſs: at the worſt they may 'liſt themſelves Volunteers, which 'is not the worſt Employment in 'the Militia of Love. The Em-'ployment of a Volunteer hath 'not buſineſs enough for a Soul 'like mine, *Mademoiſelle.* (reply'd '*Givry*) I have more experience 'than my age promiſeth, and I

must

'muſt take it as an injury, if Love 'allow me not a place among his 'tryed Souldiers. The experi- 'ence you may have gain'd elſe- 'where, ſays *Mademoiſelle*, will 'perhaps not be valued among 'the Ladies of the League: they 'poſſibly may be afraid the myſte- 'ries of Love are altered among 'you, as thoſe of Religion; and 'that being accuſtomed to main- 'tain the Party of Hereſie, they 'may not find in you a Faith ſo 'pure as they expect in their Ser- 'vants.

The Marqueſs *de Villegarde* had hitherto been ſilent, having given his Friend the honour of ſpeaking firſt. But hearing the Lovers of the Royal Party taxed of Hereſie, he thought himſelf obliged to defend them. 'We 'are very willing to make proof 'of our faithfulneſs againſt the

'Lovers of the League, *Made-*
'*moiſelle*, ſaid he; and this kind
'of Combat would be more ad-
'vantageous for us than Com-
'bats of War: it being more eaſie
'to be perfectly in Love with the
'Ladies of the League, than to
'conquer the Princes of that
'Party.

As Monſieur *de Bellegarde* was ſaying that word, Madam *de Guiſe* came to them; and with her, Madam *de Nemours*, her Mother in-Law, Madam the Dutcheſs of *Mayenne*, the Lady *Marchioneſſe Villars*, her Daughter by a former Husband; Madam *d'Aumale*, formerly *Mademoiſelle d'Elbeuf*, and ſeveral other Ladies, who came from the Audience of the Deputies to take the Air in the Garden.

They all knew *Glory*, and Madam *de Guiſe* having the Story of the

Con-

Convoy, and *Gitry's* Compliment fresh in her memory, ran to him with open Arms, and embraced him, as if he had been then (as formerly he was) her Childrens Companion in the Exercises of their Youth. She beckned to *Mademoiselle*, her Daughter, to do the like; and the young Princess not expecting a second Command, 'Think not, 'said she saluting him,) that I 'knew you not till my Mothers 'arrival, you were not so much 'out of my memory: But, adds 'she, leaning towards his Ear, you 'serve a Mistress so delicate, that I 'held my self obliged to be cautious.

Gitry could not answer these obliging expressions, being prevented by the Questions and Caresses of the other Ladies. One ask'd him if he came to render

himſelf up to his old Friends, another reproached him for having forſaken them. He return'd his Anſwer in deep Reverences made to them, or in ambiguous terms; and letting them know that his Friend there preſent was the Marqueſs *de Bellegarde*, Maſter of the Horſe to the King, they acquainted the Ladies that their Viſit was a Fruit of the Truce; and that it ſhould not be their fault, if they ſhould not be allowed by a good Peace to wait on them oftner.

Theſe Diſcourſes held till Sunſet. *Givry* had a deſire to continue them longer, and to lye that night at *Paris*: but *Bellegarde*, though charm'd with the ſight and Converſation of *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, thought it not fit to hazard ſo long a ſtay, without particular leave from his Majeſty.

ſly. He drew his Friend as it were from the Garden, where he ſtaid above an hour after the Ladies were gone; and taking the way to the Kings Quarters, they had no other Diſcourſe as they went, but of the Beauty and Charms of *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*.

Givry had till this time obſerved ſome meaſure of civility towards Madam *de Maugiron*: He was ſenſible he loved her not as he had formerly done; yet he made ſome ſcruple of betraying the hopes of a Lady in Love with him, who never gave him any cauſe of complaint: She ſtaid at *Chinon* with Queen *Louiſe*, and writ to *Givry* by every Courier; and he as punctually anſwered her Letters. He had gain'd her the protection of the new King, and loved her ſtill as an obliging acquaintance; but with ſo much

indifference. the Love he retained for her could not disturb the peace of his spirits. Yet the sight of *Mademoiselle de Guise* had utterly destroy'd those small Reliques of Kindness for Madam *de Maugiron*. At his return from *Paris* he found at his Quarters a Letter from Madam *Maugiron*, and forgot to read it; two or three more had the same fortune. *Mademoiselle de Guise* had so entirely possest both his affection and fancy. 'What Charms she 'had, says he to the Marquess 'de *Villeroy*, what a mixture of 'Majesty and sweetness appears 'in her? How quick, yet how 'pleasing and agreeable she is! 'Did you ever see a Physiogno-'my so witty, and so open and 'clear as hers is? Her Eyes have 'a Lustre ours can hardly endure 'to behold it. Smiles seem to 'dwell

'dwell on her Lips; and what 'can be more delicate and eaſie, 'than her Converſation? 'She 'is, I fear, anſwers *Bellegarde*, e-'very way too perfect for your 'repoſe; and your Friends could 'have wiſhed the Baron of *Vaux* 'had not drawn her Picture ſo 'much to the Life.

Guzy ſtirr'd not out of his Quarters the night he return'd from *Paris*. His ſpirits were in diſorder, and his affections in too great a heat to be adventured into the company of Perſons unconcern'd; and one nights reflection was little enough to put him into a condition to appear at Court. The King no ſooner ſaw him but he took him aſide, and with the familiarity which gain'd him ſo many hearts: 'Well, *Guzy*, ſays he, have you 'ſeen *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, and

'do you find her worthy of what 'she made you do against the in-'terests of your Party? '*Made-'moiselle de Grise*, Sir, replyes '*Grim*, is a Person of so admi-'rable perfections, that your Ma-'jesty shall permit me, if you 'please, to forbear the descripti-'on. I know your heart suscep-'tible of amorous impressions; 'and mine is so inflamed, I should 'certainly dye, should any acci-'dent cross my desire. 'Fear 'no such accident from me, says 'the King; you are more than 'one way sufficiently Guarded on 'that side. I have kindness for 'you, and understand very well 'what Love can do in a Man of 'your temper. As for me, I am 'so prepossest with another Ob-'ject, that all other Beauties in 'the World cannot reach my af-'fection. With that, as a new

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evidence of his favour, he trusted him with the secret of his passion for *Gabrielle d'Estrees*, afterwards Dutchess of *Beaufort*. This Amour of the Kings was then in its first heat, and he spoke of his Mistress to *Crevy* with such transport, that *Crevy* could no longer suspect danger on that side; but made the King a faithful relation of all the passages at *Paris*: To which he added an humble Petition, that the King would allow him the liberty to make his advantage of the conveniences of the Truce. The King left him absolute Master of his actions, so that he went back the same day to *Paris*, where *Mademoiselle de Guise* expreſt a desire to see the Kings Camp: which they agreed should be done on the morrow. *Mademoiselle de Guise* came in company of the

Princess

Princeſs her Mother; and *Givry*, having received them at the foot of the Retrenchments, conducted them under certain Tents adorned with Flowers, and with Greens. He treated them there at a magnificent Collation, ſerved in by Boys in the habits of Slaves: The Collation being over, *Givry* brought the Ladies to a little Plain, where, with the Kings leave, he had cauſed ſome Troops to be drawn up in Battalia, and Exerciſed them before the Ladies. The Princeſſes were very much delighted with the ſight, and in their return to *Paris* were attended by a Company of *German* Trumpeters, who made an excellent Conſort of Military Muſick, and led them as triumphant to the Walls of the City.

The Marqueſs *de Bellegarde*, who, under pretence of ſecond-

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ing the intentions of his Friend, was glad of the occaſion to make his Court to *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, entertain'd the Ladies of the League with a falſe attack of a Fort.

The King was not diſpleas'd at theſe Entertainments, in hopes they might conduce to ſweetning and mollifying the ſpirits exaſperated, and improve the Truce into a laſting Peace: But theſe hopes ſoon vaniſh'd, for the Duke of *Mayenne* had propoſed the Truce for no other end, than to give the Duke of *Parma* (who had promiſed him aid) the convenience of advancing to the relief of *Paris*; and as ſoon as he knew the Duke of *Parma* was on his March, he briskly broke off all further Conference, and the War became more obſtinate than ever.

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The King was extremely incenſed at this Juggle, and *Givry* was no leſs afflicted. He had diſcourſed ſeveral times, to his great ſatisfaction, with *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, but had not declared to her his paſſion. He had the ſenſe to think more time and more ſervices neceſſary, to make way for ſo high an attempt; but conceived he had obſerved in the young Princeſs, that freedom of ſpirit that gave cauſe to believe ſhe would be more taken with height of merit, ſupported with exceſs of affection, than with height of birth void of qualities ſuitable: They had often ſpoken of Madam *Maugiron*; *Givry* aſſured the young Princeſs, that the Verſes ſhe had ſent him, had diſſipated thoſe miſts of affection that blinded him; and that ever ſince, he look'd on that

Lady

Lady with a great deal of indifference. *Mademoiselle de Guise* took pleasure in making him repeat this protestation; and the day before the Conferrences were broken of, she carryed on this discourse so far, as to tell *Glory* he deserved better Fortune, than to be the Knight-Errant of a Provincial Dame. Had he desired her to explain her self, 'tis possible, he had found she spoke this at random. But he was so willing to be deceived, that he found matter in her general and ambiguous expressions, to flatter himself into hopes his reason declared groundless; however he thought he could never be angry enough with the Duke of *Mayenne*, for hindring him to clear his doubts, by so sudden and unexpected a Rupture.

He hop'd to have done it at parting

parting with the Princess, and ran towards *Paris* to take his leave of her, but found all further Communication already prohibited by Proclamation, and return'd much troubled to the Kings Quarters; and after a few days marched away with the King to meet the Duke of *Parma*. This March set *Paris* at liberty, and no less troubled than angred the Royalists, thus forced to raise the Siege: But there was no remedy, and it was of importance to fight the Enemy before he should have taken his advantage: the King advanced for that purpose to *Chelles*, where the Armies lay six dayes in sight of each other, and the Kings not able to force the other to fight. The Duke of *Parma* was made believe that the Kings Troops were but few, and not in good order:

but

but when the Duke had from a little Hill taken a view of them in Battalia, he found himself not in a condition to hazard a Battel; and drawing off in a thick Fog that rose one of those mornings, he contented himself with surprizing *Lagny*, within a League of his Camp. The King did what he could to succour the Town; but the design of taking it was so closely laid, that his Majesty perceived it not until it was too late to prevent it.

This exploit of the Duke of *Parma*, having assured to the *Parisians* the freedome of the River *Marne*, set their City at full liberty from the inconveniences of the Siege: but this relief came so late, it did them little good. The bodies of the Citizens had been so dried up in the Dearth,

that

that they could not bear a plenti ful feed: The change of Food became as mortal as the Famine at *Paris*; and the Kings Army was now as neceſſitous as the Leagues had been. The taking of *Lagny* had block'd up the River *Marne*, the Garriſons of the League in ſeveral Towns in the heart of *France* intercepted his Convoys; and during the Siege of *Paris*, the Country about it was laid ſo deſolate it had neither Corn nor Forrage: This forced the King to ſend the greateſt part of his Souldiers to refreſh themſelves at their reſpective homes. The Duke of *Parma* having had the glory of ſetting *Paris* at liberty, was willing to ſecure it by beſieging *Corbeil*: The Town held out a month, and was not taken but by a General aſſault.

The brave *Glory* ſtill deeply relenting

relenting the Duke of *Parma*'s arrival, which broke off the Conferences and removed the hopes of Peace, could not with patience see him enjoy that Conquest. He got together the Garrisons of his Government of *Brie*, and egg'd on by a courage which seem'd more than Natural, retook in one night by *Scalade*, a Town before which one of the greatest Captains of his time laid Siege a whole Month.

The Duke of *Parma* had so little foresight of this Action, that part of his baggage was at *Corbeil* when retaken; and particularly many rare Essences, whereof some were necessary for his health, and others excellent for delicate smells. *Givry* sent them all to *Mademoiselle de Guise* to dispose of at her pleasure, and sent her word by the Gentleman who

who had the Pass-port for conveying them. That he esteemed himself so happy, in having been once able to give passage to the Corn designed for her service, that he was extremely desirous to improve that advantage; that the Convoys she should be concern'd in should no more be staid at *Corbeil* than they had been at *Pont Samar*, but that he was too jealous of the opportunities of doing her service, to permit that this liberty should depend upon the Duke of *Parma*.

The Complement was civil, and the freedome *Mademoiselle de Guise* used towards *Givry* during the Truce, might have encouraged him to some higher piece of Gallantry. But the Answer she gave *Givry's* Messenger was, That she would receive neither Message nor Present from

his

his Master; that he should carry him back the Essences he had sent, and tell him, the familiarity she had vouchsafed to use towards him hindred, her not to be *Mademoiselle de Guise*, nor him from being, as he was, Great.

He was so much surpriz'd at this Answer, that he made the Gentleman repeat what he had said to her; and finding nothing in his expressions that might occasion a return of so much scorn and contempt, would have put all at stake to know the meaning. But the King gave him no leisure for it, having commanded him to attend him presently with his Forces, to fall upon the Duke of *Parma* in his retreat for Flanders. The King gain'd him in his March, and having pursued him as far as the Tree of *Hope*, came to refresh himself at St. *Quentin*.

There

There he received News that the Marqueſs *d'Humieres* had taken *Corby* from the League. The King expreſt his ſatisfaction at this News by publick rejoicings, wherein he was pleaſed the Ladies at St. *Quentin*, and the Parts thereabouts, ſhould have their ſhare. He ordered ſeveral divertiſements to be given them, and expected that *Grury* who was no leſs gallant than brave, ſhould according to his cuſtome, bear a principal part there; but he was ſo fretted and vex'd at the uſage he had received from *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, that occaſions of joy became a very torment to him.

He begg'd the King's leave to return to his Government, where he uſed many endeavours to appeaſe the wrath of *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*; and to diſcover the cauſe

cauſe of it. He made inroads to the very Gates of *Paris*, took ſeveral Priſoners, and ſending them to the Princeſs, acquainted her by them, that he would not ſubmit to the prohibitions he had received, till ſhe would make known to him by what Crime he had occaſioned them. But notwithſtanding all the evidences he could give her of reſpect and zeal, ſhe perſiſted in a ſcornful ſilence; or if at any time ſhe broke it, it was to return him harſher Anſwers than thoſe his Gentleman had brought him. He paſt a whole Winter in this grievous condition; and to increaſe his vexſation and ſorrow, every day produced new reproaches from Madam *Maugiron*.

She call'd him perjured, light, inconſtant, ingrate; and threatned a thouſand extravagances he thought

thought himself obliged, in civility, to prevent. He had for some time neglected answering her Letters, in hopes by this means to discourage her from writing: But finding to the contrary, that this did but make her more prolix and impertinent in her stile, he sent her word plainly he had no more love for her, that he was sorry for't, and wish'd he could have lov'd her all his Life; but that Man is not Master of his affections; and he pray'd her to forget an ungrateful Person unworthy to possess a place in her thoughts. This terrible Letter was so far from wakening her anger, and effecting her cure by a generous disdain, that it produced only solemn protestations of an unalterable Constancy.

There needs but an ordinary

Love,

Love, writes she to him, to make us love him that loves us. My Affection being a great deal more perfect, can produce greater effects; and I will love you scornful and ingrate, as I lov'd you when I thought you faithful and kind.

Givry had the honesty to reproach himself for the ingratitude he was forced to, and would have given all he was worth to see Madam *Maugiron's* affection cool to an indifference. But when he reflected on the rigors of *Mademoiselle de Guise*, it heightned his sense of them, and the right he conceived he had to complain of the strangeness of his Fortune.

In the mean time the season was come for taking the Field, and the hopes of Peace appearing every day more remote; the King design'd to besiege *Roan*, as

a place whoſe ſituation and importance appeared of moment towards the reduction of *Paris*. This Siege is mentioned in Hiſtory as one of the hotteſt during theſe Wars. Queen *Elizabeth* of *England* had ſent the King a powerful Fleet, which blocked up the City toward the Sea: His Majeſties Troops, which he commanded in Perſon, begirt it on the Land ſide: And the Marqueſs *Villars*, Son-in-Law to the Dutcheſs of *Mayenne*, defended it. He poſſeſt himſelf of the Fort St. *Katherine*, where he had Batteries which fired continually. The beſieged made furious Sallies, and ſcarce a day paſt without Skirmiſhes which deſerved the name of bloody Fights. In one of theſe *Givry* was dangerouſly wounded in the Shoulder; and the ſorrow he lay under on

the

the account of *Mademoi*[illegible] *Guise* increasing the dang[illegible] his Wound, the Chyrurg[illegible] thought him at the poi[illegible] death. The King had a t[illegible] affection for this young Ma[illegible] doubted whether he had in his Army a Person capable to supply his place; and declared this doubt so publickly, that many were displeas'd at it: but he slighted their murmurs, and being informed of some expressions *Givry* had let fall, that he hated his Life, and was glad to see himself in danger to lose it; his Majesty went to the Village they had carried him to, and earnestly conjured him to tell him what cast him into this despair.

Givry was too much charmed with the goodness of his Master, to hide from him a secret he had exprest so great a curiosity to

know: He told him what had hapned at *Corbeil*, and the relation having ſo diſturb'd him, that he thought his life at an end: 'I 'perceive, ſays he, I ſhall dye 'without knowing the cauſe of 'my misfortune. I confeſs I 'might look on my raſhneſs as 'cauſe ſufficient, but having ne-'ver declared it but by my looks, 'which *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* 'hath no reaſon to pretend ſhe 'underſtood, I cannot fancy it is 'ſhe hath caſt me into this cala-'mity. I beſeech your Majeſty, 'by that goodneſs whereof I 'have received ſo many eviden-'ces, and which makes you bear 'ſo tender a part in the extrava-'gances of an unfortunate Lover, 'that you will cauſe a requeſt to 'be made to *Mademoiſelle de* '*Guiſe*, when I am dead, not to 'ablior my memory as ſhe ap-'pears

'pears to do my Perſon; but to 'believe this Petition had not 'come ſo late, could I have juſt-'ly roproach'd my ſelf with the 'leaſt deſire might juſtly offend 'her.

The King was ſo affected with *Givry*'s diſcourſe, that he could not forbear letting fall ſome tears. He pray'd him to do all in his power to help the Chyrurgeons in the Cure; and having communicated to him a deſign, he thought proper to give him ſome comfort; as ſoon as he left him he put it in execution.

The Chevalier *d'Oiſe*, Brother to the Marqueſs *Villars*, had been taken Priſoner at a Sally; and being allyed to an Uncle of *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, was very well acquainted with her: the King gave him his liberty, on condition he ſhould know of the Prin-

ceſs wherein *Givry* had diſpleaſed her, and ſhould give him an account of it.

The Priſoner acquitted himſelf faithfully of his Charge, and haſtning to *Paris*, did as haſtily inform his Majeſty, that *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* complained of a Letter which *Givry* had written, and diſcourſed in it of Love to her; that ſhe was highly offended at the liberty he had taken, and would have puniſhed him with immortal ſcorn, but that his Majeſty's generoſity to the Chevalier *d'Oiſe* merited her gratitude and thankful acknowledgments, which moved her to promiſe his Majeſty ſhe would forget this fault of *Givry*'s.

This promiſe gave him a little comfort, but withall troubled him with new doubts and perplexities. He had not written to

Made-

Mademoiſelle de Guiſe, and could not imagine who had forged the Letter. He knew not whether he was to grieve or rejoice, that his ſecret was thus revealed; but all things conſidered, as it is of greater advantage for a Lover to be known ſuch, than to burn unperceived; he took heart again, and recovered his courage by degrees, which added to his good temper, quickly diſſipated the fears conceived of his Life.

His Life became every day more neceſſary for the Progreſs of the King's Arms, which his ſickneſs had viſibly retarded. The Officers of the Cavalry, who had an intire confidence in the Bravery of *Givry*, who had gain'd their hearts by his civility and kindneſs, did that under his Conduct they did not under any other. Ever ſince his hurt they

were always defeated; the King durſt not put them on any vigorous Enterprize under any other Chief. And the Duke of *Parma*, coming the ſecond time in aid of the Leaguers, forced his Majeſty to raiſe his Siege from before *Roan*, as he had forced him to raiſe that from before *Paris*.

The Second Part.

THE King uſed his utmoſt endeavours to repair the diſadvantages the Duke of *Parma's* firſt Expedition had put him to: he advanced to encounter him by the way; he long kept the Duke of *Mayenne* (who had taken the Field) from joining him. And when at length they were joined, he inveſted them at

Yvetot,

Yvetot, and at *Caudebec*; and had there finiſhed the War, had not ſome of his Generals preferr'd their particular intereſts before the publick tranquility. The Duke of *Parma* was dangerouſly wounded at *Caudebec*, and in few months after dyed of that wound. The death of ſo formidable an Enemy made the King ſome amends for the miſcarriage of his Enterprize againſt *Roan*. He ſent his Army into Winter Quarters, and taking his own at *Giſors*, ſent for the fair *Gabrielle*, for whom his Paſſion was now grown ſo violent, he could no longer conceal it.

Givry had not been at any of theſe Expeditions, having continued at his Government of *Brie*, where he endeavoured to put himſelf in a condition to clear the Myſteries of his Adventure. The

more he thought upon it, the more perplex'd it appeared. In the midſt of theſe reflections, when he began to look abroad, with deſign to take the Field, as he was entring *Melun*, they brought him a Gentleman belonging to Madam *de Guiſe*, who conjur'd him by that Meſſenger to grant her a Paſs to go viſit the Dutcheſs, her Mother-in-Law, who was fallen ſick at *Nemours* in her return from *Bourbon*, where ſhe had been taking the Waters.

Giury ſtaid not for the Kings leave to ſatisfie her requeſt, but preſuming on his Maſters goodneſs, and confidently undertaking for it, he ſent Madam *de Guiſe* a Paſs-port as large and effectual as ſhe could wiſh; and went to receive her at the entry of his Government, and Conducted her

to

to *Melun*, where ſhe lodged one night. *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* accompanied her Mother this Journey; and as ſoon as *Givry* had a ſight of her, he endeavoured to gather from her looks his good, or bad fortune; but diſcovered only a civility ſo very indifferent, he could not ground any judgment upon it.

Madam *de Guiſe* that evening diſpatch'd a Courrier to *Nemours*, to inform the old Dutcheſs of the hour ſhe thought to arrive there. And while ſhe was writing in a Cloſet, near her Chamber, *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* having taken her ſtation befor a Glaſs, to mend ſomething ſhe diſlik'd in her dreſs, *Givry* followed her, and with a tone that ſufficiently evidenced his fear and his trouble, ſaid, 'Mademoiſelle, may 'the Letter of my Lady Dutcheſs,

'your

'your Mother, be as favourable
'to me as another was unfortu-
'nate? and will it afford me the
'occaſion and means to know the
'particulars of my miſhap? 'Let's
'talk no more of it, anſwers *Ma-*
'*demoiſelle de Guiſe* interupting
'him, I declare my ſelf guilty
'of having occaſioned your raſh-
'neſs. I thought we had not yet
'paſt the time of our Infancy,
'when the greateſt familiarities
'are innocent; but you were not
'of that opinion, but look'd on
'that as a favour which was on-
'ly an effect of gayety and mirth,
'and thought you were allow'd to
'write a Love-Letter to one who
'had been ſo free with you as to
'ſend you Verſes of Love: I
'have ſacrificed the reſentment
'of that injury to the liberty of
'the Chevalier *d'Oyſe*, and pro-
'mis'd the King to think no more

'of

'of it. Why ſhould you mind me
'of it? 'But, *Mademoiſelle*, re-
'plys *Givry*, if I never had the
'preſumption to write to you,
'and truth may merit from you
'what you have already granted
'due to the liberty of the Che-
'valier *d'Oyſe*, ought you not to
'hear my defence? or will you
'deny me the juſtice of pleading
'for my ſelf? 'How? did not
'you write to me? ſays *Made-*
'*demoiſelle de Guiſe*; the Letter
'was delivered me as yours, hath
'your Name ſubſcribed to it, and
'two or three meſſages have con-
'firmed the boldneſs whereof it is
'full. 'Having never ſeen it,
'anſwers *Givry* coldly, I know
'not what boldneſs you condemn
'in it; but know very well I ne-
'ver writ it: and though I had
'a deſire to do it, yet I maſtered
'it; and it is impoſſible that the

'Letter

'Letter you mention ſhould have 'my Name in it of my write-'ing.

This Adventure appeared ſo ſtrange to *Madamoiſelle de Guiſe*, that ſhe reſolved to know the bottom of it; ſhe remembred that as ſhe was going to fling that Letter in the Fire, one of her Maids for whom ſhe had no reſerve, having ſeen that Declaration of Love, and found it handſomly written, had hept her from burning it: ſhe called for the Maid, and having ask'd what was become of that Paper, the Maid anſwered ſhe had it in a Box they had brought with them to *Nemours*. *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* promiſed *Givry* a ſight of it that evening; and when the Dutcheſs, her Mother, was withdrawn, *Givry* having waited the young Princeſs to her Apartment, ſhe

ſhe kept her word with him. But how was he ſurpriz'd to find this Declaration of Love of the hand-wrighting of the Marqueſs *de Bellegard*?

'Tis true he might have writ 'it, *ſays* Givry, *having read it*, 'but he ſhould have asked my 'leave; and this doubtleſs conceals 'a Myſtery I am afraid to diſco- 'ver. 'Whence comes the My- 'ſtery, anſwers *Mademoiſelle de* '*Guiſe*, who could have impos'd 'on you ſentiments of ſuch extra- 'vagant preſumption? 'Tis not 'that I complain of *Mademoiſelle*, 'ſays *Givry*, the paſſion the Mar- 'queſs *de Bellegard* attributes to 'me is too glorious to be denyed: 'But 'tis he hath written to you 'in my Name; and though it 'be true it was impoſſible for me 'to ſee you without adoring you, 'yet I would have dyed rather 'than

'than have told you ſo: and the 'Marqueſs hath been falſe to the 'friendſhip between us, in diſco-'vering a ſecret I gave him no 'leave to reveal. But alas, adds 'he with a ſigh, is this all the fal-'ſhood he is guilty of? did he 'not write to you in my Name, 'to ſound your thoughts for him-'ſelf?

Love is full of fancies and capricious extravagances. *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* was highly incens'd at the preſumption ſhe charged upon *Givry*; and what diſpleas'd her from him, ſhe had equal reaſon to be diſpleas'd with from any Gentleman of his Quality in the Kingdom. There was not a comlier Perſon in *France*, nor any in ſo fair a way for the higheſt Preferments. Not to mention thoſe grounds and reaſons *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* had to own

own an eſteem and ſome kindneſs for him. However, following an humour not to be paralleſ'd but in the extravagances of Love, ſhe look'd on this Action of the Marqueſs as ſingular, and entertain'd a more than ordinary curioſity to know what could move him to it. She asked *Girry* ſeveral Queſtions, to diſcover whether *Bellegard* had only ſpoken for his Friend, or wrote with an intention to know whether ſhe would receive the Love of any but a Prince. This laſt ſurmiſe pleas'd her better than the firſt; and though ſhe appear'd haughty, and feign'd her ſelf willing to find out *Bellegard*'s Crime, for no other end but to puniſh it, 'tis certain the rarity of the Adventure made her look upon it with a more favourable Eye, than ſhe had done the Letter at firſt.

Girry

Givry perceiv'd nothing of this, ſcarce daring to caſt his Eyes on the Princeſs; and though her looks might have given him ſome cauſe of ſuſpicion, the ſenſe he had of her haughtineſs obliged him to believe the contrary. Sometimes ſhe appear'd highly provoked at his preſumption, and ſometimes did but laugh at it. Though ſhe equally mortifi'd *Givry*'s hopes either way; yet the thoughts of his having made a Perſonal diſcovery of his Love to *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* gave him ſome comfort; and the night after this diſcourſe was the pleaſanteſt he had ſince the Adventure of *Corbeil*.

Madam *de Guiſe* parted on the morrow betimes; and *Givry* having accompanied her as far as he could, left the care of his Government to his Lieutenant *de*

Roy,

Roy, and went to *Giſors*, where he was ſure to find the Marqueſs *de Bellegard*. He had not ſeen him ſince the buſineſs of *Corbeil*; and at that time he was gone to meet the ſuccours ſent the King by the Proteſtant Princes of *Almain*, under the Conduct of Prince *Caſimir*, who was already come into *France* with the Prince of *Conde*. The King fearing the Forces of the League might lay an Ambuſh for them, had ſent the Marqueſs *de Bellegard* to ſcowr the ways; and at his return *Givry* was wounded, and gone to *Brie*. He was impatient for a ſight of him, to ask him the meaning of the Letter; and found him honoured with a new Dignity, the King having made him Duke and Peer, for which he was receiving the Complements of his Friends, as *Givry* arrived. The

The new Duke ran to him with open Arms; and though *Givry* was not ſatisfied with his proceedings, he forbore not to make his Careſſes an obliging return. They fell in diſcourſe. The Duke told his Friend, that they expected at *Giſors* the Princeſs *Katherine*, the Kings Siſter, who having been under his Majeſties diſpleaſure, for having deſign'd a marriage with Count *Soiſſons*, contrary to his Majeſties Command, had newly received pardon for her diſobedience, and came, as was reported, to give her conſent to another marriage: All the diſcourſe at Court was of the reception prepared for her. But after this general Converſation, *Givry* finding himſelf alone with the new Duke, 'I have 'News to tell you too, ſayes he 'to the Duke, Madam and *Ma-*

'*demoiſelle*

'*demoiſelle de Guiſe* coming with-
'in my Province, the latter
'charged me with an Anſwer to a
'a Letter you had written to her.
The Duke *de Bellegard* redden'd,
and *Givry* having obſerved it; 'I
'did not think, *ſays he*, I had ſo
'conſiderable a Perſon as you to
'my Secretary, and ſhould have
'done my utmoſt to avoid gi-
'ving you that trouble, had it
'been in my power to fancy you
'would have vouchſafed to have
'taken it upon you.

'Do you find my Letter did
'you any harm, anſwered the
'Duke, or think you it was not
'the Office of a Friend to put
'you in condition of ſpeakiag to
'*Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* as a de-
'clared Lover? 'I am not yet
'ſatisfied, reply'd *Givry* coldly,
'whether that Declaration was
'to my advantage, or prejudice:

'But,

'But, my Lord Duke, I know it
'the part of a true Friend, not to
'have done any thing of this
'nature without my conſent;
'and I have cauſe to believe you
'were willing to make me try a
'dangerous Foord, rather than
'ſave me another kind of peril.
'This, in truth, is ingeniouſly
'turn'd, ſays the Duke *de Belle-*
'*gard* ironically, how many
'Lovers have you ſeen carry on
'their amours with the Ladies
'they Court, by acquainting
'them with the paſſion of their
'Rivals? 'What then did you
'deſign by it, replys *Givry* (con-
'firm'd in his ſuſpicion by the
'trouble he ſaw the Duke in,
'being of a temper too frank and
'open for diſguiſe?) What right
'had you to diſcover my ſecret,
'or what excuſe can you make to
'the deareſt of your Friends,

'for

'for having drawn upon him the
'indignation of a Perſon he had
'confeſt to you he was in Love
'with? 'When I conſidered,
'ſays the Duke *de Bellegard*, the
'Circumſtances of your Love, I
'was of opinion you might long
'languiſh without knowing your
'deſtiny; and eſteeming uncer-
'tainty the moſt miſerable con-
'dition of a Lover, I was wil-
'ling to bring you out of it, and
'perſwade you to deſiſt or pur-
'ſue your Amour according to
'occaſion: if *Mademoiſelle de*
'*Guiſe* hath favourably received
'the Declaration of your flames,
'you are ungrateful to entertain
'my ſervice with ſo much cold-
'neſs; if ſhe be really angry
'with you, I have left you at li-
'berty to diſavow the Letter;
'and you may either make uſe of
'your reaſon for your Cure, or

'con-

'continue to love her without 'telling her of it, as if I had not 'written.

Givry was very good-natur'd, and a great lover of the Duke *de Bellegard*, he was ready to beg his pardon for having ſuſpected him; and had done it, but that they were interrupted by a multitude of Courtiers who came pouring in upon them, and that very Evening he became ſenſible that his friendſhip blinded him, and that the Duke *de Bellegard* was really his Rival.

Madam *de Maugiron* faithfully executed the threats ſhe had expreſt of loving *Givry* all her Life, whether he would or not. The ſlights of her Lover, and the homage ſhe received every day from ſeveral others, could not alter her affection. She made ſo diligent inquiry among thoſe that

that went to *Moulins*, whither Queen *Louiſe* was retired upon the death of the late King, and had placed ſo many ſpyes about *Givry*, that ſhe made diſcovery of his Love for *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*: there was ſome diſcourſe of it upon the ſetting at liberty the *Chevalier d'Oyſe*; and the ſtory of the Letter, which *Givry* averred he had not written, could not be kept ſo cloſe but this jealous Lover knew ſomething of it: And in the journey the *Ducheſſe* Dowager of *Nemours* made to *Bourbon*, Madam *de Maugiron*, who ſaw her there, gain'd her Love ſo far that when Queen *Louiſe* changed the Glories of the world for the Solitudes of a Cloyſter, Madam *de Nemours* took Madam *Maugiron* into her family. She was there when Madam and *Mademoiſelle*

de Guiſe came to *Nemours*. The young *Princeſs* and Madam *de Maugiron* look'd upon one another with a great deal of Earneſtneſs and attention, and this latter, being poſſeſt with jealouſie, was ſo diligent to ſpy out an occaſion to diſcover the ſentiments of her Rival, that ſhe learnt them from her own mouth. The ſickneſs of Madam *de Nemours* was rather tedious than dangerous, and *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* being not obliged to any great appearances of ſorrow, took the liberty frequently to leave the *Dutcheſſe* her Mother to take care of the ſick Lady. Being retir'd timely one evening to her Chamber, and going thence to take a walk in the Garden, without other company but a Maid, who was her confident, Madam *de Maugiron* follow'd them, and having

having ſlipp'd in behind the Pales, heard *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* ſay,

No, *la Mothe*, I do not think the Maſter of the Horſe handſomer than *Givry*, and I have confeſt to you more than once, that I had retained ſuch an Idea of this latter as might have inclined me to much tenderneſs for him, had he been of Quality ſuitable to mine. But whether this humor of mine were over when I ſaw him again, or that his friend, being a newer Object to me, had the happineſs to diſcern better the weakneſs of our Sex, and make his attack with greater ſucceſs, I was more attentive to him than to *Givry* in the *Tuilleries*. What he did during the Truce pleas'd me more than what *Givry* did, though I gave *Givry* marks of kindneſſes and fami-

'liarity, I durſt not have given *Bel-*
'*legard*, without trouble and ſcru-
'ple. When I received the Let-
'ter you know of, I thought I
'had ſeen him that brought it in
'*Bellegard*'s Train; I believed it
'had come from him, and was
'ſo vext to find another Name
'ſubſcribed, it angred me more
'againſt *Gizzy* than the Crime
'he appear'd guilty of. Not that
'I could have been willing *Belle-*
'*gard* ſhould have ſpoken to me
'of Love, without reſentment
'on my part, but that (the Rules
'of Reſpect and Decency ob-
'ſerv'd) it would have pleas'd
'me better to diſcover *Bellegard*,
'than *Gizzy*, in Love with me:
'And I muſt confeſs I found in
'my ſelf a more than ordinary
'joy, when I thought at *Melun* I
'was Miſtreſs of his affection.

'But, *Mademoiſelle*, ſays *la*
Mothe,

'*Mothe*, what aſſurance have you 'of that? the Letter was writ-'ten in *Giry's* Name; and the 'Maſter of the Horſe, being his 'particular Friend, had perhaps 'no other intention, but to diſco-'ver his Love to you, without ex-'poſing him to your diſpleaſure. 'Either thou haſt no wit, replys '*Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, or thou 'doſt not believe as thou ſay'ſt. 'Call to mind the Actions of '*Bellegard* during the Treaty: 'remember his looks, and the 'Meſſages he ſent me every day; 'and thoſe Verſes of the Un-'known Lover every day on my 'Toillette, or among my Cloaths. 'It was not *Giry* that wrote 'them, therefore it was *Belle-'gard.* There is not one of our 'Party pretends any engagement, 'being all my Kindred or my in-'feriours; and either cannot,

'or dare not love me. *Bellegard* 'and *Guiz* are the sole Persons of 'the Kings Party have declar'd 'themselves engag'd, the one 'confessing he is in Love with me, 'the other having written me a 'mysterious Letter. Whatever 'comes under the Character of 'Passion, proceeds doubtless from 'one of them. It is not *Guiz* 'hath made the Declaration of 'Love to me, therefore it must 'be *Bellegard*, who had the dex-'terity to learn by anothers ex-'perience how I might be in-'clin'd to entertain his affection.

Mademoiselle de Guise, as she was speaking these words, came into a Walk where Madam *Maugaron* could not follow her without being perceived; but she had heard enough, and was impatient to let *Guiz* know on the morrow the fruit of his unfaithfulness.

nefs to her; and fearing her Letters not of force to perſwade him, ſhe pretended buſineſs at Court, and arrived there as *Givry* was coming out of the Duke *de Bellegard*'s Lodgings.

Madam *de Maugiron*'s thoughts being all fixt on *Givry*, ſhe went in ſearch of him only and eaſily found him: He received a Billet from her to inform him of her arrival, and deſire the favour of ſeeing him preſently. This News troubled him, he dreaded the ſight of her, and could have found in his heart to return ſtrait to his Government; but bethinking himſelf how uncivil it would appear to uſe a Perſon thus, who had not given occaſion for it, he maſter'd his reluctance, and went to the place where Madam *de Maugiron* had aſſign'd him.

Never did ſhe appear ſo hand-

ſom and ſo fine, as that Even-ing; and *Gizzy* was aſtoniſht that with ſo many Charms and ſo much Love, it had not been in her power to retain him her Cap-tive, and thinking ſhe was come only to reproach him.

'Save your ſelf the trouble of 'telling me the occaſion of your 'Journey, Madam, *ſays he*, I part-'ly gueſs at it, and know before-'hand what your juſt reſentment 'may dictate to you. But, Ma-'dam, I am a Wretch that can-'not enjoy favours of this kind, 'nor cure my ſelf of my Apoſta-'cy, though I blame my ſelf for 'it. Slight me as I deſerve, Ma-'dam, and extend not your good-'neſs ſo far as to reproach me for 'my inconſtancy, but give me o-'ver as loſt to my lukewarmneſs 'and indifference. 'I could real-'ly give you over to them, an-'ſwered

'ſwered Madam *de Maugiron*, 'were they my only Rivals. 'Tis 'poſſible my affection might car- 'ry me ſo far, as to rejoice at your 'happineſs, though attended with 'my misfortunes, and I might 'pardon you for being in Love 'with *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, did 'ſhe vouchſafe to anſwer it on 'her part; but I cannot give you 'up to her ſlights, and the trea- 'chery of your Friend *Bellegard*. 'Theſe are the Enemies you are 'to provide your defence againſt, 'rather than the reproaches 'which the kindneſs I retain for 'you will not permit me to trou- 'ble you with.

Givry was ſurpriz'd at this diſcourſe, and was within little of letting her ſee the trouble he was in: But bethinking himſelf, that Madam *Maugiron* had per- adventure by ſome Spyes diſco-

ver'd ſomething of the Adventure, but knew not the whole truth, he recover'd himſelf, and anſwered coldly, 'I cannot wonder, Madam, that a Lady of your 'merit ſhould ſeek the cauſe of 'my indifference elſewhere than 'in your ſelf; and am ſenſible, 'that, ſuſpecting the beſt of my 'Friends hath not ſufficiently oppoſed the injuſtice I am guilty of 'towards you, you would revenge your ſelf of him by engaging us in a quarrel: But, 'Madam, I am not ſuſceptible 'of ſuch ill impreſſions; and 'what I know of your miſtakes 'as to *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, 'makes me think you no leſs miſtaken as to the Duke *de Bellegard*. 'No, no, ſays Madam *de* '*Maugiron*, you need not affect 'theſe diſguiſes with me. I 'know what I ſay, and heard it

'from

'from the Mouth of *Mademoiſelle* '*de Guiſe*. And ſo telling him of what paſt at *Bourbon* and *Nemours*, ſhe put him into ſo furious a jealouſie that he could not conceal it from her.

'Pardon me, Madam, *ſays he*, 'confeſſing it, that I make you 'the Witneſs of a tranſport, which 'cannot but be troubleſome to 'you. Had I power enough o-'ver my ſelf to moderate it, I 'ſhould have had power enough 'to maſter the cauſe of it; and I 'ſhould love you again as ardent-'ly as formerly. I ſwear to you, 'by that which I hold moſt ſa-'cred, that I wiſh at the coſt of 'the beſt part of my blood I had 'continued conſtant to my firſt 'Paſſion. But, Madam, Love 'goes not by choice, the hu-'mours of affection tyranize over 'Reaſon: And ſince 'tis in vain

'to

'to deny my inconſtancy, I muſt 'declare I love *Mademoiſelle de* '*Guiſe*, even to madneſs; and 'am capable of the worſt effects 'of deſpair, if I ſee her prefer be- 'fore me a Rival of my Quality. 'Perhaps I ſhould not grudge to 'ſee her marry ſome great Prince, 'but it will be certain death to 'me to ſee her pleas'd with the 'addreſſes of another Man of my 'Quality: if it be true ſhe is 'pleas'd with them, you will not 'be long unreveng'd, but ſhall 'ſee the effects of the unhappy 'News you have brought me ſo 'far.

As he ſaid this he went out, and having tormented himſelf all night, went in the morning to the Duke *de Bellegard* before he was awake. 'You have reaſon, '*ſays he*, opening the Curtain, 'to ſleep quietly, you may en-

'joy

'joy the pleaſure of ſound reſt
'and repoſe; I muſt bid it fare-
'wel. But, perfideous Friend,
'why did you not deprive me
'of it the ordinary way? or what
'have I done to make you ſo trea-
'cherous as to render me the In-
'ſtrument of my own torment?
''Twas by the blindneſs of my
'confidence, you had the oppor-
'tunity to ſee the firſt effects of
'the Excellencies of *Mademoiſelle*
'*de Guiſe*. 'Twas I firſt brought
'you to *Paris* during the Treaty:
''Twas by the permiſſion I ob-
'tained of the King you had the
'convenience of treating her in
'the Camp: 'Tis my Name you
'made uſe of for declaring your
'Love: 'Twas by the miſtake
'you ingag'd her in, you obliged
'me to tell her firſt that Letter
'was yours. Was ſhe the only
'Perſon you could affect? or if
'it

'it was impoſſible to ſee her with-
'out falling in Love with her, had
'you no other way to diſcover
'your love but by uſing my name?

The Duke *de Bellegard* might, if he had pleas'd, have baffled longer with *Givry*, the diſcoveries Madam *Maugiron* had made were not convincing. But his conſcience accuſed him, and he confeſt ingeniouſly to *Givry*, that he was in love with *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, that he had been ſo from the firſt view he had of her in the *Tuilleries*, that his love increas'd with the time, and that to ſound her affection he had written the Letter *Givry* had ſeen. Had ſhe given you an obliging anſwer, I had us'd ſuch endeavours to maſter my affections, that perhaps I ſhould have conquer'd it. But ſince ſhe is not pre-ingaged in favour to you,

give

give me leave to Court an affection you have no right to, and remember, that if any engagement could have been proof againſt the charms of *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, Madam *de Maugiron* had ſaved you the trouble of another *Amour*.

They had much other diſcourſe to this purpoſe, and began to fall into very ſharp language, which would not have permitted them to part as good friends as formerly, had not the Duke *de Montpenſier* interrupted them. He perceived them in a heat, and obſerved indignation in their looks. And the tranſports of jealouſie are commonly impetuous, ſo that *Givry* was not long, but the Duke *de Montpenſier* from his looks and his actions might clearly conclude what he gueſs'd at firſt ſight. *Givry* named

no

no body, and the Duke *de Montpenſier* underſtood no more, but that they were fallen out about a matter of love. But the King, who preſently heard of the quarrel, being throughly acquainted with *Givry*'s affair, ſent for him, and made ſo good uſe of the power he had over him, that he quieted his ſpirits, and calmed the diſorder they were in.

What ſucceſs have you had in your addreſſes to *Maademoiſelle de Guiſe*, ſayes the King, that you think you ſelf concerned to make good your right to her againſt a Rival. If either of you be one day ſo fortunate as to obtain any favour from her, I may perhaps diſpenſe with the others diſpair, but till then what cauſe have you of diſpute, or what is't you quarrel for.

Givry was ready to tell the

King

King he had cauſe to envy his Rival; but forbore out of the reſpect he had for *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, and his unwillingneſs to declare the happineſs of the Duke *de Bellegard*; the ſecret knowledge whereof ſufficiently tormented him, without the addition of open publication. So that he choſe rather to ſay no more, than barely aſſure his Majeſty, he would not give the example of diviſion among the Chiefs of his Party.

The better to keep his word, he return'd to his Government, where the King was to come ſhortly, and order was to be given for his Majeſty's reception. Before he left Court he ſaw the Princeſs *Catherine* arriv'd, and prevail'd with his Majeſty that ſhe ſhould take Madam *Maugiron* to her, as Queen *Louiſe* had done, and obtain'd

tain'd a Penſion for her, that ſhe might maintain her ſelf with more ſplendour at Court. And could ſhe have contented her ſelf with friendſhip from him, and a more than ordinary care for her fortune, ſhe would have reſted ſatisfi'd with *Gazzy*'s proceeding: But all was nothing to her if it fell ſhort of Love, and whatever ſhe could do, it was impoſſible to kindle it again in his heart.

They had ſeveral diſcourſes on this ſubject, which deſerve relation, to make out the extravagances of Love. You will come again to me one day, ſays ſhe to him, and 'tis impoſſible but ſo much love and conſtancy as I have expreſt for you will affect you at laſt, you will learn the difference between a Love like mine, and that of a young Lady that knows not what Love is. You will

will wonder you have been ſo long in coming to the knowledge of it. You will then be aſhamed of your blindneſs, and willing to repair your fault, by loving again with greater ardency than at firſt. Never fancy it, anſwers *Givry*, Love that dyes of it ſelf, never comes to life again in a man of my age. I ſee clearly at this inſtant, all that time could diſcover to me. I confeſs you deſerve a heart more faithful than mine, and that I am unjuſt to requite your kindneſs ſo ill. But in Love, our underſtanding hath no power over affection. And if I muſt declare the height of indifference, I verily believe I ſhould ſooner love a third perſon, than return again to you. This is a hard ſaying, yet I think it worſe to amuſe you with vain hopes any longer. Proceed yet further, replyes Madam

dam *Maugiron* with tears, and tell me thou hateſt me more than ever thou lovedſt me. I ſhall not love thee the leſs for it. My fatal paſſion can ſubſiſt without hope, and ſeems long ſince to gather new ſtrength without it. Thou art not beholding to me for it. 'Tis no voluntary love, yet ſure thou ſhould have ſome pity for me, whom my Stars uſe with ſuch extremity of rigor.

He had done much, and would have done any thing to ſee this Lady diſengaged. But it is not ſo eaſie to be cured of this diſeaſe, as to fall into it. She continued loving him in ſpite of him, and he return'd to *Melun* as unjuſt and ungrateful, as ſhe had found him at *Giſors*.

The Voyage the King made into *Brie*, was a happy ſtep towards the peace of the Kingdom.

The

The people grew weary of the wars, and the Duke of *Mayne* was particularly concern'd to put an end to it. The laſt Expedition the Duke of *Parma* made into *France*, he highly careſs'd the young Duke of *Guiſe*. The *Spaniards* ſaid aloud, 'That a perſon of his 'age and activity was fitter to 'head a Party againſt the King, 'than a General that grew old, 'and had not his health. The *Ducheſſe* of *Mayne* trembled at the apprehenſion theſe diſcourſes might take effect. She knew Madam *de Guiſe* a haugthy *Princeſs*, and one would uſe her accordingly, if her Son became head of the League, and ſhe thought it better ſubmit to the King, than ſee her husband commanded by a young man. She hung conſtantly at the Dukes *Ears*, to incline him to an accommodation while he

he was in power, and made him fear he could not make it ſo much to his advantage, when deveſted of his Authority. He reliſh'd this advice well enough; but it could not take effect, while the King continued Proteſtant: and his Majeſty being, in that particular, of the ſame opinion with his Enemies, had taken a reſolution to be inſtructed in the Popiſh Profeſſion.

A Truce was agreed upon for three Months, during which his Majeſty being advanced as far as *Melun*, Conferences were held with more ſincerity than formerly on the Leagues part. The Conferences were no ſooner opened, but Madam, and *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* paſſed the ſecond time into *Brie*, in their way to *Paris*, and carried with them the Dutcheſs *Dowager* of *Nemours*

mours in a Litter. They ſaw not the King: Madam *de Guiſe* fearing if ſhe waited on his Majeſty, the Duke of *Mayenne* would reproach her with it. But the King complemented her by *Givry*, who accompanying them to the Gates of *Paris*, found an opportunity as he came from Dinner to ſpeak a few words to *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*.

'May I adventure, *Mademoi-*
'*ſelle*, ſays he, to ask if you have
'at laſt done me the juſtice my in-
'nocence deſerves, and defaced
'out of your heart thoſe impreſſi-
'ons of wrath a forged Letter ex
'poſed me to? 'You have not
'diſown'd any thing that Letter
'contained, anſwered *Mademoi-*
'*ſelle* coldly; it was not the Cha-
'racter diſpleas'd me, but the
'Senſe. 'I do, and muſt ever
'own, *ſays* Givry, I have a love
'for

'for you, that extends to adora-
'tion; but I diſown the bold-
'neſs taken to diſcover it ſo ſoon.
'I would have kept it cloſe with
'abundance of reſpect in my
'heart, until ſome eminent ſer-
'vice ſhould have in ſome ſort
'authoriz'd me to own it; and
'if my ill fortune would have
'deny'd me the happineſs of e-
'ver being uſeful to you, I would
'have waited for death to ex-
'piate my temerity. 'All this
'might have been eaſily done,
'replies *Mademoiſelle*, with like
'tone as before; had you but de-
'ny'd the Love you were char-
'ged with, I ſhould not have
'been at any pains to convince
'you of it. 'But, *Mademoiſelle*,
'ſays *Givry*, it was you ſpoke
'to me, you who are my viſible
'Goddeſs. I owe you the duty
'of a religious ſincerity, and

'had

'had I endeavoured to diſguiſe 'it, my Eyes would have diſco- 'vered it. 'To what end is this 'diſcourſe, ſays the Princeſs, with 'ſome frowardneſs, I have pro- 'miſed the King, and promiſe 'you once more, not to think 'of what is paſt. Let me de- 'ſire you, once for all, not to 'ſpeak of it while we live. 'I 'thought, replys *Givry*, cut 'with grief to the heart, you 'gave me no ſuch order at *Me-* '*lun*, *Madamoiſelle*; give me 'leave to tell you, you had then 'ſome curioſity which made this 'diſcourſe reliſh better, or that 'you reflected on it ſince to my 'diſadvantage. *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* bluſh'd at *Givry*'s reproach, which confirming the truth of Madam *de Maugiron*'s report, 'Ha, cryes he, tranſported with 'jealouſie, 'tis but too true that

'the raſhneſs I am ſo much con-
'demned for, is excuſed in my
'Rival; and that I am the moſt
'unhappy of Lovers.

As he was ſaying this, word was brought *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* ſhe muſt come away; and ſhe took ſo little pleaſure in *Givry*'s diſcourſe, ſhe made not her Company ſtay for her. *Givry* brought her to the Coach, and followed it two hours after; but ſcarce in all that time could Madam *de Guiſe* draw four words from him. He returned to the King ſo troubled and melancholy, that his Majeſty perceived it, and had the goodneſs to take him aſide, and ask him what made him ſo ſad. 'Ah, Sir, replys
'*Givry*, almoſt with tears in his
'eyes, *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* hates
'me; and if the reſpect I owe her
'may allow me to ſay more, ſhe
'loves

'loves the Duke *de Bellegard*. The King was willing to know what grounds he had for this opinion, and the afflicted Lover was not able to forbear the diſcovery. 'The fancies and humours of a young Perſon whoſe affection is not fixt, ſays the King, are as changeable as they are wild. *Bellegard* is no more in a condition to marry her than you are, nor can entertain any hopes but of pleaſing her: And ſince he has no other, I will find out ſo many occaſions you may make uſe of to that end, that you ſhall at laſt be the happier of the two. But, for my ſake, be at peace with him, and leave the reſt to me.

This promiſe gave *Givry* ſome comfort, knowing it in his Majeſty's power to put him in a way, to do *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* ſo

many ſervices, that her gratitude to him might one day overcome the favour ſhe was prepoſſeſt with towards *Bellegard*. This made him ſacrifice the motions of his jealouſie to the pleaſure of a Maſter ſo familiar and obliging; ſo that there hapned nothing ſharper between theſe Lovers at *Melun*, than at *Giſors*.

In the mean time the general Peace of the Kingdom advanced, by the King's embracing the Popiſh Profeſſion; who having abjur'd the Proteſtant at St. *Denys*, ſaw the obſtacle of his reception remov'd, and *Paris* opening her Gates to him as her lawful Prince.

The Duke of *Mayenne*, and other Princes of his Houſe, retired to *Soiſſons*, where they afterwards made their peace. And there remained of them at *Paris* only

only the Dowager of *Nemours*, being too weak for a remove; and *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, who would not leave her. The King, to keep his word with *Givry*, us'd him his Inſtrument for the daily favours he did the Family of *Guiſe*; he gave him the Command of the Forces ordered for the ſafe Conduct of the Duke of *Mayenne*. And when his Majeſty made his Triumphant Entry into *Paris*, he gave *Givry* leave, with a Brigade of his Archers, to Guard the Houſe of Madam *de Nemours* from violence; not that there was any great cauſe to apprehend dangers, in a City that had made a voluntary ſubmiſſion to its undoubted Soveraign, but that the Houſe of *Guiſe* having been the ſupport of the League, it could not be expected but there might be, among the People,

ſome ill diſpoſed perſons, who under pretence of zeal for his Majeſty's intereſts, might endeavor to enrich themſelves by pillage of a houſe belonging to a family ſo eminently engag'd againſt the King; ſo that his Majeſty thought it neceſſary to uſe this precaution, and committed the care and management of it to *Givry*. He ran in all haſte to execute his orders, and acquit himſelf of his Charge, with all the Offers of ſervice and kindneſs that might be expected from a Lover. But was extremely ſurpriz'd, to ſee himſelf prevented by the Duke *de Bellegard*, whom he found at the head of a great Body of Volunteers, ordering a *Corps de Garde* to be ſet at the Gate of the *Hoſtel de Nemours*.

Who gave you order for this, ſays *Givry* all in a rage; and how comes

comes it you preſume of your own head to place *Corps de Garde* in any part of the Town. I will give the King an account of what I do, ſays *Bellegarde* coldly, it belongs not to you to take notice of it. It ſo far belongs to me, replys *Givry*, that if you give them not inſtantly orders to draw of, I will preſently fall on, and we ſhall ſee hereafter whoſe actions will be beſt approved by his Majeſty. You forget the rights of our ancient friendſhip, ſays the Duke, and will make me at length forget what we have been, to mind you what we are. I will refreſh your memory, ſays *Givry* laying his hand on his Sword, and 'tis becauſe we have been too intimate friends, we are now become irreconcileable Enemies. With that, the two Rivals, forgetting the Kings orders,

fell upon one another with unparallel'd fury, and had not long fought without leaving bloudy marks of their combat, if *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* (who ſpy'd from a window the beginning of the quarrel) had not come in perſon to ſtop it. She ruſht in courageouſly between the two Rivals, and having calmed their fury by her preſence, ſhe had no ſooner commanded them to be quiet, but they laid their Swords at her feet. What, ſays ſhe harſhly to *Girry*, are you he that oppoſes the care taken for our ſafety? it was not enough for you to have fought againſt the children of the late Duke of *Guiſe*, but you muſt expoſe his Mother and daughter to pillage, and by this viſible ingratitude hope to eſtabliſh your ſelf in my favor. I, *Mademoiſelle*, anſwers *Girry* paſſionately, am I guilty

guilty of ingratitude to you? or would I expose you to pillage? What else would you have done? replys *Mademoiselle de Guise*: what means what I have but now seen and heard? You have seen me jealous any other but I should do you this small service, says *Givry*, and to my desperate discomfort I see you angry at my hindring another to do it. I will not admit it to be done by the one or the other of you, answers *Mademoiselle de Guise*; send back your men, and come not hither to give ill people and Robbers an example of impunity; we shall guard our selves better without you, than with the assistance of two persons who have so little respect for us. This said, she imperiously commanded both Parties to draw off, and the two Chiefs were forced to give them order

accordingly, but made them keep thereabouts, and ſtaid in perſon with the Princeſſes to ſecure them from outrage. They needed not this caution long, for the King was ſcarce entred *Paris* but all was calmed, and a quiet eſtabliſhed as if there had never been any diſorder there. His Majeſty was ſafe at *Noſtre-Dame*, and came thence to dinner at the *Louvre*, where the moſt zealous of his Subjects paid him their firſt homage: after dinner the King went to ſee March out a Garriſon of *Spaniards* the Leaguers had taken in, and provided by the Treaty they ſhould have a Paſſeport from his Majeſty: in the mean time the Brigadier, who accompanied *Givry* with the Archers of the Guard, gave his Majeſty an account of what paſt between the Lovers; the King

ſent

ſent for them, and charged them ſo ſtrictly not to quarrel for the future, that they never after had the confidence to do it.

All the actions of *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* had confirm'd *Givry* in the knowledge of his misfortune. She admitted more eaſily the Duke *de Bellegard*'s excuſes than his. All her ſharp language was directed to *Givry*, all her good words addreſſed to *Bellegarde*: when *Bellegarde* fixt his eyes upon hers, ſhe appear'd pleaſed. *Givry* could meet nothing in her looks, but indignation and diſorder. The diſpleaſure this caus'd him, robbed him of his good humor, and altered his very countenance ſo far, that the King was afraid he would fall dangerouſly ill. His Majeſty who loved him intirely, and was not inſenſible of the torments of Love,

did all in his power to comfort him. He had the goodneſs to viſit *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, and to ſpeak to her in his favor. When the Duke of *Mayenne* made any Propoſitions, the King would not receive them, but by the mouth of *Givry*, and gave him full power to treat with the Duke of *Guiſe*, and made him ſole Mediator between his Majeſty and thoſe Princes.

But all theſe favors of his Majeſty were ill interpreted. *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* thought *Givry* had begged them, and was diſpleas'd with him, as having made her the Subject of diſcourſe for the King and the whole Court. But that was not the ſole cauſe of her diſcontent, the King had thought her handſom, and ſhe had ambition enough to carry her as high as the Throne: And they

they diſcourſed already of the diſſolution of the King's Marriage with Queen *Margaret*, as a matter reſolved. The Duke *de Bellegard* having many intrigues, and knowing how to make uſe of all his advantages, let *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* know how ſerviceable he might be to promote her deſigns, and dextrouſly dropt words which might make her apprehend *Givry*'s love as an obſtacle; that the King had a love for him, and probably his kindneſs for *Givry* might prevail more with him than *Mademoiſelle*'s Charms: the Duke *de Bellegarde* carried on his affairs by theſe deviſes ſo well, that *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* was ſcarce civil to *Givry*. The Princeſs *Catherine* (as well as Madam *Gabrielle*, and the reſt of the Court) was now come to *Paris*, and had brought Madam

Mangiron

Maugiron with her. This Lady us'd all poſſible endeavours to make her advantage of the rigors of *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*: But it was her fate, as well as the unfortunate *Givry*'s, to love where they were not belov'd; and were ſo far from being cured by the ſlights put upon them, that their paſſion was heightned thereby.

The firſt two Months after *Paris* was reduced, the King employed in eſtabliſhing the Parliament there, iſſuing gracious Declarations in favour of his faithful Subjects, and receiving the Deputies of *Roan*, and ſeveral other Towns, returning to the obedience of the Crown: But about the end of that time the *Spaniards*, deſpairing of being able to raiſe more domeſtick broils in *France*, attack'd it from abroad. Count *Mansfield* be-

ſieged *La Capelle*, and his Majeſty foreſeeing that if the Enemy made any progreſs in *France*, the reſt of the Leaguers would take courage afreſh, went in Perſon to raiſe the Siege, but underſtood by the way the Town was ſurrendred; and deſirous to repair this loſs by ſome Conqueſt, he deſigned to beſiege *Laon*, being as a Fort for the remnant of the League. The Duke of *Mayenne* was then of the number; the Duke of *Guiſe* had made his peace, and moſt of the Princes of his Houſe followed his Example: but the Duke of *Mayenne* had inſuperable ſcruples, and would not acknowledge the King, till he ſhould have abſolution from *Rome*; and keeping the Field under that pretence, countenanced and ſupported the Enemies undertakings. The King having advertiſement

that

that the Duke's Children were at *Laon*, with ſome other of the moſt obſtinate Leaguers, thought the taking that place would more eaſily oblige the reſt of the Party to implore his mercy. But to prevent the reproach of not having try'd fair means before force, he let the Princeſſes of the Houſe of *Lorrain* underſtand, that he was conſtrain'd to proceed with extremity againſt the reſt of the Leaguers; and ſhould be very glad if they could ſeparate from the reſt of the Princes of their blood. He lov'd *Givry* too well to give this Commiſſion to any other but him. The King gave him his orders, and having commanded him to make haſte, *Givry* was at the *Hoſtel de Guiſe* on the morrow before Noon. There he found *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* alone, the Dutcheſs her Mother being

being gone upon a piece of ſervice, wherein ſhe was pleas'd to diſpenſe with the attendance of her Daughter. And *Givry* having ſent the young Princeſs word, he came from the King on buſineſs of importance, was admitted into her Chamber before ſhe was out of Bed. He found her ſo handſome in that poſture, that he was not able to maſter his Tranſport, but fell on his Knees at her Bed-ſide, and taking one of her hands kiſſed it, with that ardour, that he had preſt ſomewhat further, if the the Princeſs had not thruſt him back, ſaying to him with an imperious tone; 'You inſolent Fellow, do you 'make uſe of the King's Name, 'to come hither to offend me; 'get you out of my Chamber, 'and preſume not to ſet foot there 'again, till you have learnt better

'how

'how you ought to demean your 'ſelf towards a Princeſs of my 'Rank. Theſe words ſtruck *Givry* into ſuch aſtoniſhment, that he ſtood leaning againſt a Window like one in a Trance; which *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* interpreting as a diſobedience to her Command, ſhe renewed her orders, and accompanied them with expreſſions of ſo much ſlight and contempt, that *Givry* could no longer endure them. 'Yes, *Ma-* 'demoiſelle, ſays he with an ac- 'cent ſuitable to his deſpair, you 'ſhall be obey'd; the preſumptu- 'ous *Givry* ſhall never more en- 'ter your Chamber, and ſince he 'cannot live without ſeeing you, 'his blood ſhall expiate the miſ- 'fortune of his having diſpleas'd 'you.

With that he went out. Had the officious *La Mothe* been believed

lieved he ſhould have been ſtaid; but *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, for reaſons known to her ſelf, would not credit her, ſo that her Prayers and Remonſtrances were all in vain; and all ſhe could obtain, was that ſhe might ſeek him out, and ſay from her ſelf what ſhe thought proper to comfort him.

She found him in the Garden at the *Hoſtel de Guiſe*, walking as one diſtracted; and making up to him, 'What did you think on,' *ſays ſhe*, when you us'd towards 'Mademoiſelle de Guiſe liberties 'ſo condemnable, and altogether 'unfit? was that your way to 'obtain the favour of a Princeſs 'ſo vertuous and haughty? or 'did you look upon her as a 'Town you were reſolv'd to 'take by aſſault? 'It was not 'well, anſwers *Givry* faintly, I 'confeſs

'confeſs my tranſport conſulted
'neither my reſpect nor my rea-
'ſon; but one look of *Mademoi-*
'*ſelle de Guiſe* would have mind-
'ed me of my duty, without ad-
'ding that torrent of ſlighting
'expreſſions. A paſſionate acti-
'on in a Man deſperately in Love,
'is not perhaps a Crime ſo un-
'pardonable as *Mademoiſelle de*
'*Guiſe* hath judged it; but the
'reaſon is, that every thing is of-
'fenſive that is done by a Lover
'diſlik'd. 'Tis my Perſon, not
'my Love, diſpleaſes *Mademoi-*
'*ſelle de Guiſe*; and the attempt
'I committed would not have
'been puniſhed ſo ſeverely in the
'Duke *de Bellegard*, as in me.
'You know it well enough, and
'cannot forget what *Mademoi-*
'*ſelle de Guiſe* ſaid to you on that
'account, in the Garden at the
'Caſtle of *Nemours*: That di-
'ſcourſe

'ſcourſe was repeated to me, 'word by word; and I look on 'it as the ſource of all the rigor I 'have ſince met with. I will ne-'ver ſpeak of it to any but you, 'and ſhall turn all my reſentment 'againſt my ſelf, and never ex-'pect, but from death, any eaſe 'of my misfortunes: but, do me 'the favour to tell *Mademoiſelle* '*de Guiſe*, I am perfectly informed 'of all my diſaſters; and that 'this which reduced me to the 'deſpair I am in, could not have 'been ſo great, had not others 'preceded it.

La Mothe had a particular eſteem for *Givry*, and was really concerned for the condition he appear'd in; ſhe did all ſhe could to give him ſome comfort. Sometimes denying, and ſometimes qualifying what was ſaid concerning *Bellegard*, ſo that it was not

not her fault he was not at better eaſe, but he was now become utterly incapable of any. The thought of *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe* ſlighting, angry, and prepoſſeſt in favor of a Rival, inſpir'd him with a thouſand deſperate reſolutions. He had much ado to force himſelf to ſpeak to Madam *de Guiſe* and Madam *de Nemours*, but was ſo far Maſter of Paſſion, that they obſerved not in him any alteration. Yet that moment of conſtraint did but render his fury after more violent: he returned to the King whom he found encamped before *Laon*, and gave him a thouſand thanks, from the Princeſſes for the complement he had vouchſafed to ſend them. They would have made their advantage of it, had their advice been taken, but the Duke of *Mayenne* was ſo accuſtomed

ſtomed to Command in Chief, he reſolved not to quit the Helm, but upon utmoſt extremity. The Town of *Laon* was taken, and the deſperate *Givry* ſought out ſo many occaſions to be killed, that he ſucceeded in his deſign, he was wounded upon a breach, and died of it three or four days after. He knew this ſervice would be hot, and being ſeriouſly reſolved to dye, writ to *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, before he went to the aſſault, a Letter, the Original whereof I have ſeen, and give you here the Copy *verbatim*.

" YOu ſhall ſee, when you
" hear of my death, that
" I am a Man of my word, and
" that it was true I would live no
" longer than while I had the ho-
" nor of your favor, for finding

you

"you chang'd, I have recourſe to "the ſole remedy I can apply in "the caſe, going to dye unavoi- "dably. Since heaven loves you "too well to ſave thoſe you "would deſtroy, and muſt be at "the expence of a Miracle to "preſerve me from the danger "I am running into: that death "I ſeek, and know waits for me, "makes me put an end to this "Letter. Farewell then, fair "Princeſs; and by the deſpair "my reſpect to you hath redu- "ced me to, Judge of the power "of your ſlights, and whether I "deſerved them.

This Letter was not delivered to *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*; the man who had it to carry, having been taken priſoner by a Party of the Enemies, which is doubtleſs the reaſon

reaſon it came to our hands. But the Princeſs needed not a ſight of it to inform her what death the unfortunate *Givry* died. The King who was grieved at the heart for the accident, and ſcarce ſtirr'd from his Pillow thoſe two or three days *Givry* lived after he was wounded, drew from his own mouth the Confeſſion of his deſpair, and being returned to *Paris* complain'd grievouſly of it to *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*. You have kill'd me *Givry*, *Mademoiſelle*, ſays he to her, and have more weakned my Troops by that piece of your cruelty, than the Duke of *Mayenne* with all the ſtrength of his Arms. Had the favours I endeavor'd to do your Houſe made any impreſſion of acknowledgement upon you, you would have had more regard for a man ſo dear and ſo neceſſary to

me, but you are ſufficiently puniſh'd by the loſs you have of him. Nature produces not every day men of *Givry*'s character, and what beauty ſoever you may boaſt of, you will hardly ever ſee at your devotion a perſon ſo conſiderable as he was: *Mademoiſelle de Guiſe*, who for ſome time paſt had not look'd with any favourable aſpect on *Givry*, made not ſo much account of the loſs of him. She did but ſmile at his Majeſty's reproaches, and endeavouring to make him underſtand he was partly concerned in the exerciſe of that cruelty he blam'd, her obliging Confeſſions inſenſibly wip'd away the thoughts of *Givry*'s death, out of his Majeſty's mind. But nothing could have that power over the ſpirits of the too conſtant Madam *Maugiron*, who fell ſick upon the News;

News; and while *Paris* rung with joy for the abſolution of the King, and union of the Parties, this Lady dyed with the Name of *Givry* in her Mouth, *Givry* no leſs amiable than inconſtant and unfortunate.

What Example more proper to make out the malignity of Love, and inſpire into us that horrour againſt it, it deſerves? *Givry* was the moſt accompliſht Perſon of his time, ſaw himſelf loaded with honour at ſix and twenty years of age, highly in favour with a great Monarch, his King; and in a fair way to obtain all the Dignities a Gentleman is capable of. An amorous deſpair deſtroy'd all his hopes, and robb'd the Kingdom of one of its Nobleſt Ornaments. The ſame Paſſion diſorder'd, and at laſt deſtroyed a Lady, whoſe conſtancy

ſtancy and ſincerity deſerved better fortune. The like end commonly make all thoſe, who abſolutely abandon themſelves to this fatal folly: if it makes but light impreſſion, it is an in exhauſtible ſourſe of perfideouſneſs and ingratitude: if it be ſubmitted to in good earneſt, it leads into an exceſs of diſorder and deſpair.

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